

Darkness Rising

by ShannonL

Category: Digimon
Genre: Drama
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-30 09:00:00
Updated: 2001-01-30 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:49:16
Rating: T
Chapters: 5
Words: 23,673
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Ends and beginnings for the Digidestined....

1. Beginnings...

> <meta name="Generator"> Darkness rising

I don't own Digimon; Toei does, so don't sue me because it is seriously not worth your time, you'll only get a few pennies. Not to say I don't want to own Digimon, cause if I did things wouldn't have turned out the way they did in the final episode. AARRGGHH, they separated them all up! I was alternately crying and screaming at the TV cause they took the kids from the Digimon. Come on, couldn't they let the Digimon go with them ~ glares evilly at the Toei execs ~. Though I have some hope they'll all meet again. I know Kari and Tk get reunited and there are rumors flying about that everyone will meet up in the third movie. I hope so or I'll lose the thread of sanity I've been hanging on to since the last episode aired.

Ok since I've been getting off topic, the characters may be slightly out of character in the fic (I might have gotten some names and attacks wrong too, sorry J). Basically the story follows the show until the last episode where there are three major changes. Everybody goes Mega, the kids don't leave the Digiworld, and everything goes back to normal, all Digimon return to the stages before they were killed, instantly. Basically this is the "prequel" to the hour of the wolf, but with a special twist. What do I mean? Read and find out. A special thanks goes to Fate Hedgehog for helping me out with the battle scenes.

All flames will be fed to my furnace.

**

Darkness rising

**

"Here they come! Get ready!"

Tai stood on the ridge, telescope in hand. He gazed at the approaching cloud of smoke, knowing but not seeing, that enemy Digimon were concealed there. Knowing the enemy should not be there.

Should not.

Ever since they had defeated Apocalymon, they had thought the worst was over. That the bad guy of bad guys was gone and all that were left were the little guys. If only that were so. They should have known there's always a bigger fish.

So foolish. Never underestimate the powers of darkness. Doing so could be lethal.

Tai put away his telescope and turned to his Digipartner Agumon. Agumon's eyes mirrored Tai's, grim and deeply concerned. They knew without speaking what was going through the other's head, and shared it.

It didn't look good for them.

Not at all.

The other Digidestined seemed to have similar thoughts as they went pale and searched around for anything they could use as weapons against the impending hordes.

The smoke cleared as the enemy Digimon neared. Their army was made of Digimon of all stages, too numerous to count. Worst of all they encircled the Digidestined. They were trapped. No way out.

Seemingly helpless.

Tai smiled hardly. Such an impressive force. He wondered what could be so powerful as to draw in an army of that magnitude. No matter. Whatever it was â€|it had to be stopped. He just hoped he survived long enough to do it.

He clutched a metal rod tight in his gloved fist and turned slightly to face his friends. Tai tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. When they finally came, they weren't a fierce battle rally, but a soft yet prideful two sentences.

"I couldn'tâ€|ask for â€|better â€|friends than you guys. Thanksâ€|for everything."

He let his eyes wander, taking in the image of each of his friends, preserving it in his memory forever. Matt, Gabumon, Tk, Patamon, Kari, Gatomon, Mimi, Palmon, Joe, Gomamon, Izzy, Tentomon, Agumon, Biyomon and Sora. Especially Sora. Of all the things he regretted, it would be the fact that he never had told Sora what he felt for her, that he loved her, he regretted most. He didn't even know if she felt the same way. Now he would never know.

A light tap shook him from his thoughts. Izzy stood there, one eye on the approaching Digimon ever tightening the noose.

"Tai â€|guysâ€| I would just like you to know that I couldn't ask for better friends either. We've been through so much and you've always come through for me. I can't express my gratitude in wordsâ€|" at that point tears started running down Izzy's cheeks "â€|and whatever happens, I wouldn't change it in anyway. Being here in the Digiworld has brought my life meaning, given me a purpose."

"I wouldn't change my life either." Matt said. The beginning of tears were glistening in his eyes too. "Not at all."

"It goes the same with me." Mimi said softly.

"Me too." Joe replied.

Kari and Tk just nodded.

Sora gave a bittersweet smile, and squeezed Tai's shoulder. He looked deep within her beautiful amber eyes and found solace in their depths. He squeezed her shoulder back. Surrounded by his friends, and about to be attacked by a horde of evil Digimon, Tai was at peace. What was it the Klingons used to say on that old Star Trek show. Oh yeah.

It was a good day to die.

"This reeks," thought Matt as he stared from the ridge at the evil Digimon that would be in attacking range in a few minutes.

He crossed his arms into his characteristic pose and peered down to get a better look at their enemy. Some Rookies and In-trainings, with mostly Champions and Ultimates. Most worrisome were the Megas. They looked tough and battle hardened.

Not the easiest thing to defeat.

Matt paused as he looked. There were familiar faces in the crowd. Kuwagamon, Dokugumon, and SkullMeramon to name a few. He thought he had seen the last of them.

Boy was he wrong.

"Guys time to digivolve." Tai of course, ordered.

Matt felt the familiar tingle, as energy was sucked from him to Gabumon, and saw his chest beginning to glow. He saw Gabumon pass through his Champion and Ultimate stages to become the Mega Digimonâ€|

"â€|.MetalGarurumon!"

Matt felt the mysterious awe that came always when Gabumon digivolved, that wonder that he had something to do with it. Gennai had often said that they possessed fantastic powers, and he believed it. Those powers had been the downfall of Apocalymon. Unfortunately, most of those powers were usually sound asleep. Matt groaned. This was no time for them to take a nap.

Matt chided himself. This was no time to get all reflective; there was a battle to be fought. A battle not in their favor but

stillâ€|

Ssshhrrreee. BOOM!

An explosion rocked Matt and the other Digidestined, sprayed rocks and dirt in their faces. The first wave was in firing wave.

No time for thought. No time for emotion. Only time for action.

The battle had begun.

Run, run, run! Dodge and weave, dodge and weave! To Sora this had become her world. A world full of pain and suffering and blood. There a Digimon dying from a mortal wound from one of her friends, here WarGreymon and a Boltmon locked in a vicious duel. Everywhere death. And more death. More. Overwhelming, suffocating, Sora felt like she was drowning in a lake of darkness.

That momentary lapse of attention proved fatal, as a massive bolt of energy came reigning down on her. Looming closer and closer, Sora didn't even notice until the heat of the blast became perceptible against her skin. Then she whirled andâ€|

"Oh God!"

"Giga Scissor Claw!"

A similar burst of energy completely vaporized the first. Sora looked up and saw Izzy and HerculesKabuterimon standing there, now battling more enemy Digimon. Izzy swiping at a Gazimon with a branch and HerculesKabuterimon blasting Okuwamon and Musyamon into oblivion. Izzy finally knocked out his opponent with a swift underhand blow, and turned his attention to two Numemon sneaking up on him. He quickly dispatched the two bundles of slime and raced to Sora, now dealing with her own antagonist.

Sora wasn't afraid of the Candlemon trying to turn her into a living fireball, she was boiling mad. The Rookie threw another "Flame Bomber" at her face that she easily dodged with the speed and agility honed by years of soccer and running from Digimon obsessed with her destruction. No more running for her. She saw Izzy racing towards her, stick in hand. She gave a feral smile. She didn't need any help. She was going to show this little upstart why she was the most feared player in her entire soccer league.

"Flame Bomber"

Sora evaded again and saw her opening. The little Digimon had left his flank wide open. Perfect opportunity. One swift kick and the Candlemon went flying into the middle of a firefight between a Triceramon and her buddy, Phoenixmon. Instant deletion.

"Are you alright?" Izzy asked, concerned.

"Just fine."

"Are you sure?"

" I'm FINE!"

"Ok, sure. Prodigious." Izzy said, in a tone that clearly stated he didn't believe a word she said.

Sora began beating her way through Digimon, with Izzy shadowing her protectively, HerculesKabuterimon taking care of any powerful obstacle in their way. She had to get to Tai - nothing else mattered but him. She saw him tackling a Bakemon, while WarGreymon finished off the pesky Boltmon that had been assaulting him. Sora grinned, despite being in the middle of a grisly battle, at the sight of him. Even bloody, battered, and beat up, he still shone with an inner light of courage that refused to flicker and die in the face of defeat. She loved that about him. How he never seemed to give up, even in a situation that was completely impossible. Sora felt her cheeks go warm as she knocked down the last few enemy Digimon in her way.

And then she was face to face with him. He managed to give a crooked smile as if to say everything was going to be all right, that everything would go back to what it was before the madness started. That life from now on would be blissful, happy. Perfect. As if things were going differently than they were. Even though they knew that they were not.

At that point Sora was at peace. A calm spot in the middle of a raging storm. Her heart was overflowing with the warmth she felt just being near Tai. Whenever she was near Tai, she felt safe, protected.

She loved him.

And he would never know.

That thought stung her like a thousand hornets. He would never know. And she would never know if he loved her back. Not for certain. And that hurt worse than any Digimon's attack.

They don't see it. They don't see that they are each other's world. They don't see that they love each other, and the tragedy is, they'll probably never know.

Izzy raced among the fights on the battlefield, engaging in some of his own when confronted. His sharp analytical mind constantly spewed forth new strategies for survival and contemplated the drama going on where Tai and Sora fought, side by side.

It was so obvious. He loved her. She loved him. And they had no clue in hell what the other felt for them. Still Izzy felt envy for them. They had each other, even if they didn't know it. He had no one. Mimi had the hots for Joe, and Joe felt the same way for her, even if he vehemently denied it. Tk and Kari were beginning to feel the stir of affection for each other, and Tai and Sora; well it wasn't hard to see what was going on between them. Only Matt was in the same boat as Izzy. He wondered how Matt could stand it, having no one to be completely close to. Izzy didn't know how he himself would stand it. Only time would tell.

If he was granted that time.

"Petal Blast!"

Rosemon yelled her attack, and annihilated the Vilemon that had been charging her. But how many she destroyed more would take their place. They were getting exhausted and there was no end in sight. Mimi moaned. At times like this, she wished she were in an air-conditioned mall, far away from all the fighting and gore and hate. Like that was going to happen. Whenever they destroyed one evil Digimon, an even worse one rose up and took its place. At the pace they were going, Mimi was afraid one of them was going to break something far worse than a nail.

Which looked more than likely at this point.

"Hey honey, be my date or be destroyed. Your choice." a voice said in an eager tone.

Mimi looked over her shoulder and saw it. A Garbagemon. A Garbagemon who definitely didn't know it was rude to ogle a lady. A Garbagemon who was about to get the most brutal letdown in history. Mimi's features twisted into a furious grimace. The Garbagemon nervously began to back off, thinking that maybe he had tried to pick up the wrong girl.

Mimi screamed an angry war cry as she launched herself at the offending Digimon. The Garbagemon was too shocked to act. A wild swing of her arm and "THUD", the Garbagemon went reeling into a mass of fighting Digimon. He didn't last too long after that.

Mimi went back to helping the others in the battle. The situation looked worse and worse by the moment. Unless something was done, they were finished for.

And to think she could be in a sale right now.

Joe winced as MarineAngemon destroyed a few more enemy Digimon with his Ocean Love attack. They just kept coming and coming, there seemed to be no end to them. He glanced at Mimi who was engaged in a battle with a Garbagemon that seemed to be more interested in getting a date than defending himself. Of course Mimi would not be caught dead with that creep, and sent the Digimon flying with one well placed slap.

He had to admire her courage in battle, not to mention a whole lot of other things. She was kind, generous, sweet and always made him feel good even when he was in the depths of depression or suffering an allergy attack. Even though he would deny it to the others, he had to admit to himself that she was something special. Really special. She wasn't the ditz many took her to be.

Then he saw it. HolyAngemon and HolyAngewomon were flying to the center of conflict with Tk and Kari on their backs. Something was up, something favorable for their side. If those two combined their attacks it would be an ugly rout for the other side. Joe felt hope blossom inside of him as he slammed into a Digimon that had been sneaking up on Mimi. If they could hold the enemy off for a few more minutes then maybe they could win. Maybe.

Maybe.

Tk felt the warm breeze blow through his hair and wipe away the tears in his eyes as he flew on HolyAngemon's back to the center of the

fray. He and Kari had come up with a crazy plan to end the entire thing. If it was done right. If the slightest error were made, the tiniest mistake, then both HolyAngemon and HolyAngewomon would lose all their energy, dedigivolve back to Gatomon and Patamon and their one chance for victory lost. If it did go right, they would still lose their energy but there would be no enemy to worry about. But even if they twitched wrongâ€¦ Tk shook his head. He had to have faith. In the abilities of his Digimon friends and himself, he had to trust. If he didn't, this was all for nothing. After all, he wasn't the Child of Hope because of his dashing good looks.

He looked at Kari. Serene as always, she seemly glowed while sitting on HolyAngewomon's back. Gazing at her, Tk wouldn't be surprised if she actually did start shining. It had happened before, in MachineDramon's cold and dank sewers. Kari had gotten sick for a while, really sick. Then when she got better, she had started glowing with a weird white light that somehow supercharged their Digimon partners. Tk had thought it really creepy at the time, but at this time he was hoping something like that would happen. It would certainly help things out.

Tk furrowed his brow in determination. No matter what, they would win. Not even if they threw something like Apocalymon at them again.

He would make sure of that.

Kari looked at the battlefield from her vantage point. She could see Matt going all out with a tough looking Gazimon, and Tai and Sora ganging up on a Nanimon that had tried to ambush MetalGarurumon. Matt managed to land a right hook to the Gazimon's jaw to send him into unconsciousness, and then raced to help out Tai and Sora, who were barely managing to hold their own. Between the three of them, the Nanimon was put out of business after a little tricky maneuvering.

Kari choked back her own horror. She had never seen such violence and hate before. Even all the battles against Myotismon, the Dark masters and Apocalymon hadn't prepared her for this! Her head reeled from every anguished cry that drifted up from the battlefield below. What was the point of being a Digidestined if they couldn't prevent this from happening? Kari desperately wished to know the answer, be it from a higher power or her big brother.

And now they were going to add to all that terrible suffering and horror. Kari felt sick inside from the thought. Even though they were doing this for the greater good, the cost would be inconceivable. Kari tried to comfort herself that she was preventing more tragedies from happening, but the notion rang empty in her heart.

HolyAngemon and HolyAngewomon began to charge up to deliver their attacks to the army below. And thenâ€¦

"Heaven's Gate!"

"Holy Light!"

HolyAngemon and HolyAngewomon sent down thousands of beams of pure seething energy to strike their targets into dust. The multiple explosions resulting from energy meeting Digimon kicked up a dust

cloud that blanketed the battlefield, obscuring everyone's sight. When it settled Kari gasped at what she saw.

Fifteen Mega Digimon had survived.

Fifteen very pissed off Mega Digimon had survived.

What were they going to do now?

Matt watched in horror as HolyAngemon and HolyAngewomon dedigivolved into Patamon and Gatomon, and all four fell screaming from the sky.

"WarGreymon save them!" Tai cried.

"MetalGarurumon you too! Grab them before they crash!"

There was no need for Matt or Tai to even speak, because before a sound could be uttered from their throats, both of the Mega Digimon was speeding to their aid. With quick, deft movements WarGreymon snatched Kari and Gatomon out of the air, and MetalGarurumon did the same for Tk and Patamon. Swiftly the two young children and their Digimon were returned to their respective older brothers.

Matt raced to his younger brother the moment he was safely on the ground. Tk looked fine, a little shaken up, but fine. Patamon wasn't so good. Utterly exhausted, he lay unconscious in Tk's arms. Glancing at Tai, who was fussing over Kari, he gathered that she was ok, but a closer look revealed that Gatomon was out of the game too. Which wasn't good for their chances. Grimacing, Matt wondered what else could go wrong.

As if on cue, the remaining enemy Digimon began glowing darkly.

The remaining Digimon began to pulsate with the strange black aura. Izzy wondered what it could possibly be. A Digievolution to the next level perhaps? Whatever it was, statistically speaking, it didn't bode well for the Digidestined side. He wracked his brain with possible theories about what was really going on, each wilder than the last, but he couldn't come to a definite conclusion. He didn't have to wait long for an answerâ€|

Suddenly the enemy Digimon exploded into bursts of black and purple light that swirled around a central point. Dark electricity flared madly, a few blots striking out at the befuddled Digidestined, as a new shape began to form. The sky turned black as a sinister voice thundered outâ€|

"I have become Kimeramon, destroyer of worlds!"

Izzy had to smirk as the new and improved force of darkness said his introduction. Where did he get his lines? The secondhand bad guy's vocabulary store? He grabbed his laptop to get the lowdown on this new force. He activated the Digimon analyzer and read what it said about this "Kimeramon". When he looked up, all the smugness from the Digimon's corny lines had been erased. Pale and quaking he read off what it said to the others.

"Kimeramon is a Mega supercharged Digimon. His powers exceed Apocalymon byâ€|byâ€|â€|by TEN times!!!! His attacks are, well his

attacks areâ€|anything he wants them to be! He can twist reality to whatever shape he desires. In short you don't want to do anything to make this guy mad!"

"Don't worry Izzy. We can take down this guy. All we need is a little teamwork!" HerculesKabuterimon said fiercely.

"And a very big miracle! Didn't anyone hear what Izzy said? TEN more times powerful than APOCALYMON! Can use ANY attack he wants! Can CONTROL reality! It took all of us to defeat Apocalymon. Including Gatomon and Patamon. Is anyone but me thinking this is absolutely CRAZY!" Joe ranted.

"Come on Joe. Have a little faith. After all, we've gotten out of worse situations." MarineAngemon scolded.

"Really?" Joe's expression darkened "Name one?"

"â€|"

"Thought so."

"Come on guys. Stop fighting. This is not the time or the place." Sora said.

Unfortunately, before Izzy could add anything to the argument, Kimeramon impatient with the delay, attacked.

"Terra Force!"

"Metal Wolf Claw!"

"Fire Cascade!"

"Giga Scissor Claw!"

"Petal Blast!"

"Ocean Love!"

The remaining Digimon launched their most powerful attacks at the charging monstrosity. But the weakened Megas' best efforts barely fazed him. Tai stood frozen as WarGreymon was tossed aside like a rag doll and MetalGarurumon was slammed into a rock wall. He couldn't believe it. Kimeramon was making mincemeat out of their best friends. All he could wonder was what could they do? What could they possibly do?

The ground began to twist and writhe. Kimeramon was using his incredible god-like powers to reconfigure the Digiworld into something out of their worst nightmares. And to think, there was something infinitely more powerful controlling this beast. If they couldn't handle this, how could they handle its master?

Tai felt something slimly wrap around his leg. The earth was swallowing him whole. As he frantically twisted around, he saw the others suffering the same fate. What could he do? He couldn't give up. Everybody was depending on him, all their hopes and dreams were on his shoulders. For them he wouldn't give up. Not even if he had to claw his way out of the mire, and kill Kimeramon himself.

In thinking that, he felt something explode inside himself. An indescribable feeling, Tai felt like he was plugged into the flow of energy of the universe itself. The mud that was suffocating him was torn off and shot outward in all directions. Nothing was left except a sparkling aura of gold and orange. Sora beside him had also broken free, and donned a similar aura except in red and fuchsia.

In amazement Tai stared, as one by one the Digidestined broke free, engulfed in light of their own respective colors. He had known they had "powers", but he never imagined they had abilities like these. He wasn't even sure they should have such power. There was always the temptation to abuse them. But under present circumstances, he couldn't complain. After all, who was he to look a gift horse in the mouth?

"Tai you alright?" WarGreymon asked concerned "How do you feel?"

"Like I've swallowed a pound of sugar. Aside from thatâ€¦fineâ€¦. Better than fine actually. I'm completely healed. Weird."

"Well you certainly look strange. I didn't know you could do that."

"Neither did I."

Matt stared at the energy field outlining his hands. It gave off a soft blue light, shot through with silver. It was incredible; he didn't believe something like this could ever happen. Well it had, and even Kimeramon was staring dumbstruck. Was this what Gennai had meant all along about their powers. It made the destruction of Apocalymon look like a parlor trick.

"It can't be! No human is supposed to have that kind of power! It's IMPOSSIBLE!!!!!" Kimeramon quaked in disbelief. He was shaking visibly. Matt thought it odd that a being with so much power, a being capable of tossing six extremely powerful Megas around like tinker toys, would be afraid of them.

"'Fraid so, tall, dark and ugly. When you're dealing with the Digidestined, ANYTHING is possible." Joe stated boldly, his silver and black aura flaring madly. No fear at all, Matt noted with shock. If not anything else, the transformation had given Joe a major confidence boost.

At Joe's outburst, Kimeramon shrank ever so little back. It seemed to be having second thoughts about the battle. Matt was ever so gratified to see this display of fear, small as it was. It meant that still they had a chance of succeeding. No matter how slim.

Kimeramon's face twisted into an expression that could only be described as totally crazed. Its multicolored eyes widened and narrowed disjointedly, while its mouth twisted into a psychotic grin. Its arms, wings, claws, flippers and tentacles trashed wildly, and then it spokeâ€¦|

"Dieâ€¦|"

It began charging up to unleash its final attack; the ground shook as he gathered his strength for one final blow. Matt didn't panic though. It seemed like nothing, as if all they needed to do to get rid of this evil was simply wishing it all away. The others didn't look at all frightened either, as if they had realized the same thing. Matt grinned and reached down into his heart of hearts andâ€|

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!"

â€|just commanded the darkness to leave. Distantly he heard the death screams of Kimeramon as he was disintegrated to nothingness. Then a brilliant white light slammed into Matt, and he knew no more.

A few moments or was it hours later, Matt forced open his eyes and nearly doubled over in pain from excruciating injuries that were spread all over his body. Those were quickly forgotten though as soon as he saw what lay before him. A few moments later a horrifying scream ripped the Digiworld in two with its agonized denial.

(The one and only A/N in the story: Yeah, yeah I know I didn't include Matt saw. That's taken care of in the hour of the wolf. Maybe a shameless plug on my part, but still I think in this story, it's more effective without the graphic detail of the aftermath.)

Fog began masking the battleground long after Matt had awakened, heralding the arrival of a figure cloaked entirely in slick black. In its hands, it carried a huge crystal obelisk illuminated by small comet-like flames dancing in the interior. Fourteen in all, they tried to desperately escape their translucent prison. But try as they might, they couldn't. Instead they kept bouncing off the obelisk's walls. The nameless figure peered closer at them, amused curiosity shining under hooded eyes. On the outside, the sparks didn't look that significant, the only defining feature that they were seven different colors, a specific color assigned to a pair of sparks. Yellow, orange, red, pink, green, purple and gray. Nothing seemingly special. The hooded figure chuckled in hindsight. Those common looking flames held enough power to destroy a universe.

Behind the hooded figure three horribly misshapen Digimon glided in. They looked deeply concerned, worry twisting their every wordâ€|

"We have done as you asked. We've captured their souls from their flight to heaven and entrapped them in the obelisk. But reconsider. The risks are too great. If they should break free andâ€|"

"And what Seeramon? This obelisk is indestructible. The souls will not escape and rejoin with their physical selves. Forget that stupid prophecy you so foolishly cling to. The Digidestined will make excellent dark warriors. Once I release their full potential and channel it, this world and all others areâ€|mine! It doesn't matter I sacrificed my entire army. It's a small price compared to this!"

"My master, you are making a grave mistake. The Digidestined are dead! If you resurrect them, release their full potential, and those souls do escapeâ€|they will destroy us all. It has been predicted and so will be if this is allowed to continued."

"ENOUGH OF THIS STUPIDITY!" the nameless mon roared, raising an arm and focusing its dark power "That prophecy is nothing more than the

delusions of some idiotic Digimon. The risks are nil, like your usefulness!" One tendril of sizzling black energy snaked out and reduced the cowering Digimon to ashes.

Wiping its hands on its black robes, it concentrated on the task at hand.

Black and purple lightening rained downed, as a vortex of dark power formed around the sinister figure. It struck fourteen lifeless bodies and encased them in unholy light. It strained as it returned to them the precious commodity of life and improved their very being. Made them perfect. It secretly smiled; only it knew the unspeakable secret about the Digidestined's powers. That they had used unknowingly only a fraction of them. Fully unleashed, they were an indescribable force, capable of anything. And all under its control. Finished, it sat back and waited. And waited. Waited. Nothing happenedâ€¦

â€¦And then all at once, the fourteen's eyes opened.

They rose in unison and stood at silent attention. The nameless mon's lips pulled back in a wicked smirk, and then hung open shocked.

There were only fourteen.

Gasping, it frantically looked from the obelisk to the reborn Digidestined to the obelisk again. Fourteen! Where were the Guardian and the Digimon of friendship? They must not have been killed in the shockwave that followed Kimeramon's death. But how? How? How did they escape when everyone else did not? They must have had some protection from the blast. Damn. They were loose cannons. They would have to be dealt with. And soon. Maybe the Seeramon weren't so foolish as it believed.

It squashed down the feeling that it had set something irreversible in motion, as it turned to its new troops. It could handle two renegades. And it had the perfect method how. Nothing to be worried about. Hopefully.

"Welcome" it said with barely suppressed glee "Welcome my Digidestroyers"

To be continuedâ€¦.

So what did you think? Please R/R. I told you guys before I wouldn't kill off them permanently, and I live up to my word. A good compromise don't you think? Anyway, before I write the next one, there has to be ten reviews. Come on, I know how many of you guys have been accessing my stories and I'd like 1/20th of the people to say something. Please. -- ShannonL

2. Resurrections and Regrets

> <meta name="Generator"> Darkness Rising, part 2

I don't own Digimon; Toei does, so please don't sue! Even though I said I wouldn't post this until I got ten reviews, hitting the 2000 mark in hits and my sister's frequent death threats convinced me otherwise. So Rachelle, you can stop holding that aluminum baseball

bat over my head now. Whew. Anyway this takes place a few days the after hour of the wolf, and it's recommended you read that and the first act of Darkness Rising to get the gist of what going on here. There's a definite Out Of Character alert here, and the introduction of the last guy you'd expect showing up.

Flames will be fed to my furnace.

Darkness Rising, Act 2

"Matt you don't have to carry me you know. I'm perfectly capable of walking by myself."

Matt sighed as Gabumon complained again. Both of them knew that Gabumon had been critically injured in the fight against Kimeramon, and had almost died in the hours that followed. Even though Digimon healed quickly, Gabumon was still too weak in Matt's opinion. A quick summoning of his abilities had healed himself, but Matt was still so unfamiliar with his new powers to even consider using them to heal Gabumon. Anyway, a little mother henning wouldn't do the canine Digimon any harm. Right?

"Ok pal, time for a rest break. We both need a little sleep."

Matt carefully set Gabumon down. Carrying him wasn't easy, and that was an understatement. He was ragged after trekking for ten miles through the deep woods, and he could use somewhat of a nap. His eyelids felt heavy as he found a comfortable spot at the base of a giant tree. Gabumon had already fallen asleep near by. Matt smiled sleepily at that; the trek must have worn the tough guy out more than he would admit. He closed his eyes andâ€¦

Snap.

Matt's crystal blue eyes snapped open. There was someone out there. Moving quietly as to not disturb Gabumon, he searched the surrounding brush. There was nothing there - nothing at all. Matt scolded himself. His imagination was beginning to play tricks on him, another indication that he badly needed that nap. But stillâ€¦ something nagged at him, that all was not right. He dismissed it as another trick of his sleep deprived mind. After all he had searched the whole area and all he found was the local plantlife.

Snap.

Matt winced. He must have stepped on a twig. He tiredly assured his mind that for the last time that there was nothing out there. That they were safe for the time being. Convinced they were alone, Matt dragged himself back to his tree and instantly fell asleep. He didn't notice the shadowy figure that appeared on the branch above him and disappeared without a sound.

"Are you sure he discovered nothing?"

"Nothing my master. He dismissed my presence as a figment of his imagination." The shadowy figure drawled in a feminine voice.

The nameless mon admired the girl shrouded in darkness before him. She was a sight to behold, dressed in form fitting black, honey hued hair done up in a high ponytail, a few tendrils framing a delicate

porcelain doll face. She looked so fragile, which only disguised her incredible deadliness even more. Like a poisonous flower, thought the unnamed master appraisingly, beautiful but lethal. It suited her, the Digidestroyer of Deceit, perfectly.

"What is your command master? Shall we destroy him?"

The nameless mon chuckled richly. An amusing thought, kill the last two Digidestined, but without the Seeramon, it couldn't capture their souls and add the last two to its ranks. It glanced at the obelisk glowing softly in the middle of the room. There was more than one way to skin a cat however. All it had to do was capture Matt and Gabumon and use the obelisk to draw out their souls and make them its. And it had the perfect people for the job.

"Master?"

"No Mimi. I have something much better in mind."

The nameless mon laughed sinisterly and then snapped his fingers. At once thirteen more dark figures joined Mimi at kneeling at the foot of the nameless master's throne. Still as statues, they silently waited for their master's orders. It loved it whenever they did that. It gave it such a feeling of limitless power, and it was such a slap in the face to everyone who opposed it. To imagine, the Digidestined working for the darkness, was an outrage to the mon on the goody two shoes side. Well most of the Digidestined anyway. But that was soon to be rectified.

"Follow them. Watch their every move. But don't reveal yourselves till I arrive. I want to see their horror when they find out what's going to happen to themâ€| first hand. Don't lose them."

The Digidestroyers nodded once and then vanished from the room without a trace, not even disturbing the ever-present dust as they left to do their master's bidding.

The nameless master sprawled back on his opulent throne and laughed again. It was turning out to be _such_ a good day.

"Let's do it."

—

"There must be some scientific explanation for what we are seeing."

"Whatever it is, I must be allergic to it."

"I like my eggs with maple syrup. Sometimes even with cherries on top."

"Maybe the pointlessness is the point."

"Don't worry, we won't hurt you."

"I love you big bro."

—

Matt stood on the ridge of some foggy dreamscape as memories from the past played out, each blurring into the other. His friends' voices rang out in the distance, echoing the words spoken in the long dim past.

"_Matt_."

"_Matt_."

"_Matt_."

"_MATT_!"

"Who's there?" Matt cried, spooked out by the voices that were like those of his departed friends.

"_Matt, beware what lies ahead!_" Tai's sorrowful voice warned. A figure cloaked in slick black robes appeared, reeking of evil so pungent it was almost tangible. Matt choked in fear as it raised one grasping hand for him and vanished back into the fog.

"_Not all of what you'll face is reality. Discern the illusion, cling to the truth._" Mimi's melodic voice advised.

" What do you mean? What's coming? Who? How do I stop it?" Matt screamed frustrated. He had never been one for riddles, and this was the king of them. He was so confused. His friends were dead and yet they were trying to warn him of something. Some evil that was coming. All these vague warnings were giving him the ultimate headache.

"_ Trust your heart. It will guide the way._" Sora responded gently.

The atmosphere seemed to shift, grow darker, more explosive. Matt felt a growing terror build up inside him, turning his guts to ice and raising the hairs on his neck. His stomach lurched uncomfortably as he waited for whatever to come out of the mists.

"_The danger nears._" Joe stated unemotionally.

A crystal obelisk appeared, glowing and pulsating with multicolored flames locked inside its depths. Matt looked closer. This was the danger? It looked harmless even pretty even. But even the most beautiful object could be deadly, as years of experience in the Digiworld dictated.

"_This is the source of the imbalance._" Izzy lectured, just like he had when he was alive.

"_It must be destroyed._" Kari added.

Matt yelped in shock as the obelisk's glow became blinding and streamers of light shot out and bound him tight. A thin spiral of black shadow immersed from the crystal interior of his prisoner and bore its way into his chest. Matt screamed in terror and pain as what felt like his soul, was ripped from him. He stared in horrified amazement as a blue spark emerged from him and was consumed by the obelisk, adding his flame to fourteen others. Matt felt sick. Now he realized the unspeakable truth. Those flames, those sparks, those balls of light were souls—_souls_ of those he knew. He just hoped

it wasn'tâ€|

"_Or suffer our fate._" Tk finished, despair ringing in every word.

No! How could this be! Matt shuddered uncontrollably as the words hit home. He suddenly felt cold, as if he was standing in outer space. Beads of sweat trickled down his back as fourteen figures, wrapped in shadow appeared. His friends â€" alive, but changed. Their eyes were empty, hollow and their very presence gave off the stench of something horribly wrong. Glacier blue eyes widened to their maximum as they were replaced by an exact mirror image of him, with the same dead eyes and the same putrid odour of something that should not be. His clone's image faded to nothingness and then, out of nowhere, the figure in black lunged at him.

"NOOO!"

"Matt, Matt! Wake up! You're having a nightmare! By all that is sacred, WAKE UP!" Gabumon's voice, distant at first, urgently demanded.

Matt coughed as he tried to open his eyes. His nostrils burned as he inhaled a peaty odour, the kind one would smell around the campfire. Charcoal? Was there a fire? He finally managed to open his eyes and gaspedâ€|

The entire area around him was reduced to ash. The tree he had been leaning against was now a smoldering stump. The ground beneath him was burned hard and black. What had happened? What was going on?

Gabumon seeing Matt look confusedly around, decided to give him an answer.

"Mattâ€|during your nightmare, you accidentally blew up the area around you. When I found you, I couldn't get even near you, since you were crackling with this weird multicolored lightning. Luckily you settled down for a few minutes, or I might never have been able to wake you up."

"Were you hurt?"

" Me? Nahâ€|I know you would never hurt me. Not even singed, see. But still, that had to be some dream."

"It was Gabumon, it sure was." Matt trembled at the memory of the unnamed figure lunging at him. The memory of his hood flying back from the sheer force of the leap and the faceâ€|

"Want to talk about it?" Gabumon gently asked, picking up on his partner's terror immediately.

"No, not now. Maybe later, when I've had a chance to sort things out." Matt responded, forcing confidence into his voice. Seriously he didn't want to recall what he saw, but it just didn't want to leave him alone. And some nagging feeling told Matt that his life depended on what the dream told. In one way or another.

"Well Matt, if that's what you want" Gabumon then wrapped a comforting paw around his shoulder "I'll always be here for you, if you ever need to talk."

"Thanks Gabumon." Matt said. He then gently hugged the canine Digimon, and buried his face in Gabumon's furry shoulder. "For everything" he sobbed, tears matting the fur where they dropped. Gabumon gently hugged back, being Matt's pillar of strength when he needed it most. Matt desperately needed that strength as the memory of the face beneath the black hood haunted his every conscious moment. It was the face of grief. It was the face of suffering. It was the face of all that was wrong with the world.

Behind that hood was death itself.

Not far away, in another clearing, a kneeling figure waited. Dusky, unkempt brown hair waved in the wind while empty tan eyes stayed locked to the ground, he waited impatiently for his master to appear. A burst of smoke later, the black robe figure appeared, holding the crystal obelisk tightly in his hands.

"Master, all is in readiness. We are ready to capture the rouge Digimon and his Digimon per your command. He is unknowingly surrounded as we speak."

"Excellent Tai, I expected no less of you."

The dark one's praise sent shivers of pleasure down Tai's spine. There was nothing he liked better than pleasing his master's every whim. Which consisted of performing death and destruction on all that opposed the dark lord. Preferably drawn out and painful. It was all he lived for. Tai anticipated the sick joy that would come with this job well done. The wind ruffled his simple black gi as he desperately waited for his next orders.

"Is Mimi ready?"

"Yes my Lord."

"Then bring me to her. I waited too long for this moment."

An instant later all that was left of them was the empty air in which they stood.

"Matt I don't like this. It feels like we're being watched, but I can't tell where" Gabumon said, a slight note of panic starting to creep into his voice.

"I know Gabumon. I can sense it too"

Ever since they had entered this stupid forest, Matt had felt the sensation of being closely scrutinized, like a bug under a microscope. But he had found no one. Paranoia at work maybe, but after what had happened, his friends being killed and that dream that seemed so much not a dream, Matt thought he had a right to be paranoid.

He grimaced as an image of happier times, when they all together, strolling through the forest of irrelevant road signs came up.

Laughing and joking, still no clue what they were, they had walked a trail just like this one now. That's when they were still seven. Kari, and the desperate search for her, had came later. He could still hear their voices echoing around the trees he thought sadly, tears threatening to spill over at the pang the memory produced. Night had been always bad, but now the memories were seeping into his daytime thoughts. Not that he wanted to forget themâ€|butâ€|Suddenly Gabumon stopped and cocked his head. Matt did the same, as he strained to hear whatever Gabumon heard.

After a few moments he stopped and shook his head. Just daydreams he thought. But it came again, louder and clearer this time.

It was the sweet, pure sound of a girl singing.

The nameless mon listened to Mimi sing the siren's song, felt the deep alluring nature of its crests and trills. It was the perfect weapon to draw the Digi-brat and his Digimon right into the open where they would be easily taken. Again the Digidestroyer of Deceit was living up to her namesake. Already concealed were the rest of his troops, hiding behind elaborate illusions concocted by Mimi's dark powers. Matt would never know until it was too late.

But a twinge of worry cast a ray of shadow into his otherwise sunny spirits. Matt's powers were growing, emerging to their full potential without any help from outside sources. He had leveled an entire square kilometer of forest just in his sleep. The only thing that had saved his companion was that he had wandered off in search of a quick snack. If a struggle ensued, he could possibly gain his full powers, an alarming thought to say the least. Even though all the Digidestined powers at max were equal, Matt could certainly do some major damage. Major damage at this point was too risky to afford. They had to do this rightâ€|or everything would be dangerously uncertain.

Too uncertain.

Matt blinked a few times as his eyes adjusted to the harsh brightness as he stepped out of the forest. He found himself in a beautiful meadow, full of flowers and wild grasses, air thick and heavy with the sweet perfume of honeysuckle and jasmine. Melodious birdsong melted in with the trilling lyrics sung by a girl stretched out on a rock in the very center of the meadow. She wore a midriff baring halter top, mini-skirt and knee high boots, all in black. Near by, a Palmon sat by, listening raptly to the enchantingly beautiful song sung by the equally enchantingly beautiful maiden. Matt knew without doubt, who was perched on that rock, singing like a nightingale.

It could only be Mimi.

But Mimi was dead.

What kind of trick was this?

Matt felt utterly confused as he took a few stumbling steps towards Mimi. He had seen her dead, and now here she was, singing like nothing remotely fatal had even happened to her. What was going on here? People don't just get up and start singing after they've been killed.

Discern the illusion, cling to the truth.

--

The words from the terrible vision came back to him. But what was illusion, and what was real? Nothing looked out of place, except Mimi herself. But something told him that what he saw before him was breathing and was a threat.

Threat?

Where did that come from?

Matt didn't know.

_ Trust your heart. It will guide the way._

--

That too came back to him. Sora's advice appearing unsummoned from the mists of memory.

Something was wrong. Very, very wrong.

Matt trusted his own instincts, as Gabumon totally ignored his. He ran full tilt towards Mimi and Palmon, yelling overjoyed greetings and questions about how they survived. Mimi and Palmon only laughed, purely girlish sounds, as if they were giggling over some boy. Matt raced to catch up to his friend, despite the overwhelming feeling he was jumping headfirst into a trap. Which he was pretty sure was the case. Unfortunately, Gabumon, in this moment of joy for him, didn't have a clue.

Matt finally managed to reach his friend before he got too close to the rock. He grabbed Gabumon by the paw and hauled him back to his side, where he would be somewhat protected.

"Matt, what are you doing?" protested Gabumon incredulously.

"Yes, what are you doing?" Mimi added innocently.

" Protecting him from whatever you are? Mimi's dead and you're not HER! "

Mimi only laughed softly. Finally she looked a startled Matt and Gabumon in the face, eyes beginning to glow a soft green and carnation pink.

"You're more astute than I thought Matt. I'm impressed. But you're only half-right. I AM Mimi, just not her better half. And this little game ends NOW! "

Thick vines tore their way out of the ground and bound Matt and Gabumon head to foot. Mimi, now covered in her pink and green aura, simply waved her hand, and the meadow disappeared into thin air. Sights, sounds, smells, everything. Matt blazed with a silver and blue aura too, as he tried to free himself. No such luck. He was stuck fast. Gabumon wasn't having better luck. The vines had a stranglehold on him too. He was squeezed so tight that he couldn't even Digivolve in MetalGarurumon to defend either one of them.

"Very good Mimi. They're just the way I wanted." A cold and sinister voice congratulated. Matt would have felt sick if he could afford the luxury. The voice literally dripped with cool, casual evil, reeking of horror that was almost tangible to the nose.

Out from behind a rock it stepped, slick black robes pooling at its feet. But not alone. Flanking it on either side were the rest of the Digidestined dressed completely in black, and their respective Digimon. "What happened to them" was Matt's first thought, but strangely enough, he already knew. He had been told what had happened, once upon a dream, seemingly so long ago. The main question now, was how to reverse all this with out his friends dying again.

Matt knew he had to find the answer, and fast.

The unknown dark lord seemed to be smiling under its hood, smirking about something that only it knew about. With a snap, something glowing began to float towards him. Whatever the plan was, they were soon to find out.

The _obelisk_!

Matt began shaking in terror in his bonds. The obelisk. The stealer of souls. The very danger his friends in the dream were trying to warn him about. Both of them needed to get away right now! Matt knew what that thing would do to him and Gabumon given half the chance. But how could he move, stuck tight like this!

Ignoring Matt's frantic struggles, the figure in black strode around him, evaluating him like some piece of meat. Matt did not like to be the object of such debasing scrutiny, and redoubled his efforts on breaking free. Somehow this amused the evil one and brought forth a throaty laugh from it. However it stopped, when a voice like the dry hiss of a snake, reached its ears.

"What have you done to them?"

"And ruin the surprise? I think not." The figure in black motioned to the statue still Digidestined. "How do like my new army? A lot more streamlined than the old one, but many times more powerful. I call them the Digidestroyers. It suits their purpose now more elegantly than that old silly moniker, the Digidestined." It gloated, staring at Matt the whole time, looking for some twinge of terror or disgust.

Matt gave it nothing.

"Let me introduce you to the new them personally." It continued with a sneer "Since you'll all spent so much time working together."

He pointed to each child and their corresponding Digimon in turn.

"Tai and Agumon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of Fear."

"Sora and Biyomon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of Hate."

"You've already met Mimi and Palmon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of

Deceit."

"Joe and Gomamon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of Indifference."

"Izzy and Tentomon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of Ignorance."

"Kari and Gatomon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of Shadow."

"Tk and Patamon, the Digidestroyer and Digimon of Despair." The nameless mon chuckled as Matt's face contorted in rage at the mere mention of what was done to his little brother.

"And to round off our casting list, we have Matt and Gabumon, the soon to be Digidestroyer and Digimon of Discord."

The unknown dark lord peered deep into Matt's enraged eyes. It was all Matt could do not to lash out and try to tear the nose of this monster, if he could lash out at all. The rage within him was reaching a critical point. It would blow at any second. Matt managed to keep his cool long enough to ask the question that burned within himâ€|

"Who are you?"

The dark lord chuckled madly then lifted back his hood. An indescribable horrific sight greeted him. The mon's piercing red eyes bored right into Matt's, and defiantly Matt returned the look.

"Your lord and master."

"Eviltarimon."

Matt exploded.

Gabumon struggled in his bonds and listened to the whatever taunt Matt. He tried to free one claw to cut the vines but they squeezed too tight. He could barely breathe much less Digivolve. Mimi had seen to that, but why? Why would she and the others turn on them? And how could Matt know that they would? It didn't make sense. Though nothing much did anymore anyway.

Clearly the evil Digimon had some insidious plan for them or he would have just killed them as they slept. And sure enough, he did. Join him? Like hell he would. If that tyrant thought that he, Gabumon, would go around killing innocent Digimon just because he said so, than his wires were crossed even more than he first thought. Gabumon wondered how he was going to force them to go along with his sick schemes. Perhaps that crystal obelisk had something to do with itâ€|

What! Eviltarimon! That name sounded so familiarâ€|

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Gabumon looked shocked at Matt. He was literally on fire! His blue and silver aura was whipping about violently as the vines that were

holding him were simply vaporized to dust. A few seconds later, his own bonds simply melted away under Matt's raging power. Eviltarimon didn't look so confident now. In fact, one might say he was a littleâ€¦frightened?

Gabumon felt like he had drunk a few gallons of the soda pop he had been treated to at Matt's place back on Earth. He was exploding with raw, untamed energy! Matt's chest began to glow with the distinctive crest of friendship, and Gabumon began to changeâ€¦

"Gabumon Warp-Digivolve toâ€¦" A sparkling column of light engulfed him as he shifted forms to "â€¦MetalGarurumon!"

MetalGarurumon took up a position at Matt's side, ready to do battle with all whom threatened Matt and himself. Even be they former friends. He gathered up the energy for a Metal Wolf Claw and saw Matt form blades of ice on his wrists, no doubt intending to slice the one responsible for this madness into tiny, bloody strips.

But Eviltarimon had other plans. He motioned to the obelisk, which started to glow with a brilliant light. Matt and MetalGarurumon watched it hypnotized. They didn't notice the large figure sneaking up on them.

"Pummel Whack!"

The blast of energy knocked the obelisk into a rock wall and kicked up a wall of dust. MetalGarurumon and Matt were frozen in shock, not moving a muscle. Then MetalGarurumon felt strong arms lift him up and dimly noticed Matt having the same thing done to him. Though however he tried, he couldn't see the face of his mystery savior. The mystery mon ran into the woods, Matt and MetalGarurumon now back to Gabumon, along for the ride.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, they were finally put down. Gabumon immediately tried to discover their rescuer's identity, and was shocked at what he found. Judging by Matt's expression, he was too. Then both at once, they called the mon by nameâ€¦

"Ogremon!"

To be continuedâ€¦

Didn't expect that one coming, did you? Anywho, the next one will be a while in coming because I have to intern next week. And remember, review and make an author happy.

ShannonL

3. Hunting Season

> <meta name="Generator"> Darkness Rising, Act 3

No I don't own Digimon, Toei and Saban does, so don't bother suing, unless you want a few pennies and a bottle of nail polish. You definitely want to read the first two acts of Darkness rising and the hour of the wolf to get the history and general storyline of this one, or you will be lost. Lots of Out Of Characterness in this one

too. This fic though it doesn't quite make R status, gets a bit disturbing and does imply sex, though I refuse to get more graphic than a kiss. So if you think you can't handle that, go click on the back button and find a funnier, lighter fic. I recommend Operation: SLEEPOVER by Fruitloop Trooper. So don't flame, you have been warned. For the rest of you who are staying, I hope you enjoy this.

All flames that do come will go into my furnace.

Darkness Rising, Act 3

"Ogremon!"

Matt gazed in shock at the virus Digimon, who was supposed to be his sworn enemy. Then again, Ogremon softened up quite a bit when he met Mimi and Joe on their flight from MetalEtemon and Puppetmon. But that still didn't explain why he would be helping them. What possible reason would there be motivate Ogremon to stick his neck out for him and Gabumon?

"Why Ogremon? Why help us? Especially since they're going to be hunting for you just as determinedly as they're going to be hunting for us." Gabumon asked amazed.

"Not now. We've got to get moving. Your "friends" are already after us. If we aren't fast, we'll be fast food." Ogremon said, clearly reluctant to answer the question.

Matt wondered what else he could be hiding.

"They're nearby. I can sense their souls from here."

"You sure Kari?"

"Would I lie?"

"Of course if it would get you in our master's favor."

Joe smirked darkly. Yes, they were close, very close. He could sense them now too. A champion level Digimon, along with a rookie, and something that's power was off the scale. Matt. He had definitely achieved his full potential. Making him and his Digimon extremely valuable to Eviltarimon. Digimon linked to humans only got more powerful as their human's strength increased as well. And Matt's strength had increased exponentially. Still they were no match for the powers of Kari, their Digimon and him combined. The master would be pleased.

Kari was concentrating deeply, Joe noticed. What could she be up to? She better not botch the mission, or their heads would decorate Eviltarimon's battlements. Her psychic abilities were more pronounced than anybody else's, except maybe Tk's, and that gave her an edge in this hunt. She could sense the prey before anyone else, Joe noted bitterly. He was not going to let her claim this prize all to herself.

"What have you found out?"

"They're moving off. At a rapid pace. They know we're coming."

"Well duh. If I was them, I'd be leaving in a hurry too." Joe said snidely. It wasn't a problem however. They could just teleport themselves to the renegades' location and capture the whole lot. He smirked at the thought of what he was going to do to the foolish Digimon who had interfered in their little "recruitment" drive. Things that would have made even Myotismon shudder. He licked his lips. So many possibilities, all of them cruel and nasty, just the way he liked it. Matt and Gabumon weren't to be harmed of course, the master had expressly ordered that, but he was going to have so much fun with their savior.

"That's not what I meant." Kari said obnoxiously, smoothing her simple black shirt. She stopped fussing with one of the creases to add, "That's not what I meant at all."

"Then what did you mean?" Joe asked, getting irritated. If she didn't mean that they already knew they were on their tails, then what did she mean? Kari's round about answers were really getting on his nerves. He wished he had been paired with Mimi. At least with her he could have a little fun on the side. But his pet had been paired with Izzy. Who knew what they were doing? Joe's hand clenched involuntarily. It was no fair. He just had to get the little brat.

"Matt knows exactly where we are, even though he's not aware that what he's sensing is us. We must be cautious." Stated Kari, as if the fact was the most obvious thing in the world. Joe hated when she rubbed her psychic abilities in his face; it was such a put down of his own abilities. Oh yeah, it was not his day.

Kari began to move in the renegades' direction. She had a pensive, almost bemused look on her face. She was definitely looking forwards to the challenge. And so was Joe. After all, Matt was one of them, even if he didn't want to admit it. The master would convince him otherwise however. He, and his little digimon too, wouldâ€¦
beâ€¦theirs.

In unison they vanished into thin air.

This would be funâ€¦

Matt scowled darkly. For sometime he had been getting the weirdest sensations from the forest around him. Especially from two somethings behind him. He could feel the pressure of their power on his mind and gagged at the sheer foulness of it. His guts rearranged themselves into knots as suddenly the powers got closer. Much, much closer. He had a sneaking suspicion that their pursuers had just caught up to them.

"Gabumon. OGREMON. Listen up, we don't have much timeâ€¦" Matt whispered, afraid that he would give away their exact position "â€¦we have company. Two of our "friends" just found us, and this time we don't have surprise on our side. Any suggestions? Cause now would be the time for it."

"How do you know they're here already? Did you see something?" Gabumon asked, also whispering. His brown eyes were wide open in fright. Not surprising, after what just had happened. Matt was freaked as well. He wasn't taking this "Digidestined over to the dark side" thing calmly either.

"I've been sensing stuff ever since the close call with Eviltarimon, especially two dark powers behind us. I wasn't sure before, thought maybe I was too worked up and imagining things, but when they got real close, real fast, it became pretty clear that this psychic radar was for real, and we had trouble ready to strike. It also became clear how they were able to find us in the first place."

"So they'll be able to track us wherever we go? Not good. Not good at all." OGREMON said alarmed.

"I don't think it works like that. The farther away I get from a certain power, the more the sense of it fades. If we can get far enough away from them, they shouldn't be able to find us."

"What about the Digivices? They can be used to track people too."

"The Digivices don't have that much range. Get fifteen kilometers away and they can't track you either."

"Fifteen kilometers is a long way off Matt. How do we get that far away from them if they're pursuing us the whole time?" GABUMON said, pointing out the one fatal flaw in the idea.

"I don't know GABUMON, I just don't know."

"You won't get the chance to find out!"

JOE!

Total blackness swallowed the forest, leaving a small spot of light where OGREMON, GABUMON, and MATT stood horrified. As MATT stared, out of the shadows stepped JOE, GOMAMON, GATOMON, and KARI. Of course, the darkness was KARI's handiwork. She was the Digidestroyer of Shadow after all; she could easily plunge an entire forest into total blackness.

"GOMAMON Warp-Digivolve to AQUADEMAMON!"

"GATOMON Warp-Digivolve to DRYADRAMON!"

MATT was sickened as he saw the two, twisted Mega Digimon take shape. AQUADEMAMON was a ghost like Digimon, black with eyes like hot coals and a mouth full of sharp jagged teeth, and DRYADRAMON looked like she had come straight from hell itself. Humanoid with scaly snakeskin, huge bat-like wings, a spiked tail, and fire for hair, demon would have described her better, than Digimon ever would. MATT found himself hypnotized by the venomous yellow eyes that were sunk into her skull. He had to be wary. These four were capable of anything.

"I suggest you make it easy on yourselves and just give up. We won't do anything to you if you surrender. Well most of you!" KARI added with a sneer in OGREMON's direction.

"Oh I'm so relieved!" MATT shot back sarcastically. Suddenly an overwhelmingly putrid power forced his way into his consciousness. Oh no, not him!

"Very good you four. You've done well cornering our lost lambs here. And locating the one whom dared to try to destroy my crystal obelisk. You failed by the way. Not even a scratch on my precious toy. You shall not be so lucky. Joe, I leave it to you to teach this oaf some proper manners. Bring him to my villa, he shall learn respect of other peoples' property when we are finished." Eviltarimon said as he glided in.

"At once my Lord." Joe said, an evil glee shining in his dusky eyes. Matt's blue eyes widened. He had never seen Joe look like that, ever. Mentally he cursed the evil Digimon with words that his parents had told him never to use. If it hadn't been for that accursed fiend and his obelisk, Joe and the others wouldn't have wound up losing their souls. They wouldn't have wound up losing their lives in the first place. It was WRONG. Matt promised himself and his friends silently that this monstrosity would not be allowed to continue. That this would be set right. He would see to it personally.

"No! No! Put me down! PUT ME DOWN!" OGREMON screamed. Joe had been lifting him with his mind, and at his protest slammed OGREMON face first into the dirt.

Matt was rooted to the spot. He had to do something! But he felt his body had been remade in iron. He couldn't move!

Joe gazed at the fallen OGREMON in contempt. He lifted one hand, which now crackled with the fire of his black and silver aura, and casually shot thousands of tiny spears of razor edged water. OGREMON roared with pain as the spears sliced into him at every angle. Eviltarimon laughed appreciatively as OGREMON lay whimpering on the dirt.

"Leave him ALONE!" Matt howled in anguish.

"I think not, my soon to be servant. I'm having too much fun watching your dear friend Joe slice him slowly to tiny pieces!" Eviltarimon chuckled as Joe launched a fresh assault on the helpless Digimon. "In fact, I think your attitude needs a major adjustment. Kari. Joe. Take him. It's high time he and his pet kept their appointment with the crystal obelisk."

Matt narrowed his crystal blue eyes. Like hell he would submit to him. He'd rather die first. He saw Kari and Joe coming at different angles, auras blazing. Dryadramon and Aquadramon also advancing. He prepared himself to fight, but these were his friends. They couldn't control themselves; Eviltarimon held their souls hostage. He couldn't blame them for their actions. He'd rather kick Eviltarimon's but all the way to doomsday, but with his friends in the way and ready to tear him to pieces on the dark lord's command, his options were limited to say the least.

A flicker of movement caught Matt's eye. OGREMON was half up, and crawling slowly to his side. He was slightly relieved. OGREMON was a tough Digimon and fortunately Joe had been only playing with him, he hadn't shown any of his true power. But if they stuck around, that would sure change quickly.

An image formed in his head, clear and detailed. It was the lake where Gennai lived, on the continent of Server. Placid, beautiful, and at least a thousand kilometers away from File Island. He wanted

to be there, not here, facing down a force he couldn't bring himself to fight. An ocean away was a place that was safe for the time being. If only he could bring Ogremon and Gabumon there. If ****_only_****.

Matt felt himself dissolving and moving at the speed of thought away as two hands, one with black and silver fire crackling from it, the other with white and pink fire, shot towards him. Too late. Matt was too far gone. He dimly heard someone shrieking "NO! NO!" and then everything went white and empty.

He was gone.

Eviltarimon clenched his hands into pale fists. He was gone. He was gone! So far away, that not even someone with the talents of Kari and Tk put together could find a trace of him. He felt the fear sweat trickle down his back and neck. The Seeramon's prophecy was coming true. Bit, by bit, it was coming true. If that renegade Digi-brat managed to destroy the crystal obelisk, and the souls were reunited with their physical selvesâ€¦it would be disastrous. Eight Digidestined, fully at their potential, and the eight most powerful Megas in the Digitalworld, would be able to accomplish what all others could only dream, his destruction.

He looked at the kneeling Digidestined, his Digidestroyers and Digimon, and saw for the first time what they were. A ticking timebomb. His to command, but maybe not for long. He shuddered inwardly as he thoughtâ€¦

Sometimes things seem more out of control than I believe them to be.

No wisp of his inner turmoil showed through however. His face was impassive, carved from stone. When he finally did speak, his voice was like the glacier ice, cold and grating. He uttered only two simple words. Words that would be the catalysis that began a reaction of tragic proportions to the Digiworld.

"Find them!"

Matt appeared on a bluff of a cliff that overlooked a serenely beautiful lake. Forest ringed its sandy shores and everywhere was the scent of fresh pine. This was Gennai's lake. Matt inhaled in the rich forest scent, as he looked over the waters. This place brought back bittersweet memories of a kooky old wise man that had taken them in, fed them, and helped them in so many ways. A single tear tricked a crooked path down his cheek, and Matt didn't bother to wipe it away. It was for his friends whom he had lost, and hoped to find again. Someday.

Matt began casting his mind out, searching for Gabumon and Ogremon. They had to have made it across with him, they had to. Suddenly he felt two familiar presences nudge their way into his consciousness. They were close by. Threading his way through the trees, sensing the presences grow stronger and stronger, he cautiously approached something that could be a trap or worse. Matt's relief was palpable when he found only Gabumon and Ogremon. Though Ogremon looked a little tipsy.

Matt really looked closer. Ogremon seemed less green than he usually

was, and the warty skin was all cold and sweaty. If Matt didn't know better, he'd say OGREMON was going into shock due to loss of blood. In fact, he was! Joe must have hurt him worse than he thought. And since there was no medic around, Matt figured he better do the next best thing, try to heal OGREMON himself. After all he had been able to mend himself. But it might not work, or kill, a Digimon. Could he take that chance?

"OGREMON, you don't look that good. If you want, I could try to heal youâ€¦" Matt started hesitantly.

"Butâ€¦" OGREMON said, catching the holding back in Matt's voice. The big guy wasn't as dumb as he looked.

"I've never tried this before on any other Digimon. Only myself. It might backfire."

"Well, I'd never have got this far if I didn't take any risks."

"Alrightâ€¦"

Matt slowly summoned his abilities and let them flow into OGREMON. Their skin began to crackle with his silver and blue aura, as OGREMON's many cuts shrunk and disappeared from sight. With a gasp, Matt stopped. It was done. The wounds were gone.

"Thanks kid. I guess I owe you another debt. Someday I'll repay youâ€¦I promise. OGREMON's honor." He turned and started to leave, lumbering into the deep woods of Server.

Matt watched as the fading figure finally disappeared into the dense underbrush. He finally understood why OGREMON had put all on the line to save him from EVILTARIMON's machinations. Friends wouldn't do anything less.

"Matt, I don't get itâ€¦Why did he save us? He could have just turned his back." GABUMON asked confused, still in the dark about what was going on.

"Honor wouldn't let him do otherwise. And neither would Friendship."

Matt turned to the lake, a soft breeze ruffling his spiky blond hair. He began walking down to the water's edge, GABUMON right beside him. Soft pink petals wafted by and tickled his nose and eyelashes. It was so peaceful. He just hoped it could last.

The YOKOMON village burned brightly as Sora watched indifferently. They had questioned the inhabitants about the whereabouts of Matt and GABUMON, and were met with such impudence. Apparently word had spread like wildfire over the Digiworld that they worked for EVILTARIMON, and no one would talk to them. Until properly convinced. Tai had enjoyed putting the YOKOMON on the hot seat one by one, until convinced by fear they finally started to talk. And still, what colorful language they'd used. They had told them quite bluntly that Matt was not on File Island, at least not in their area. Sora believed them. A quick scan of the area hadn't revealed anything of importance, just some cowering Digimon, who probably didn't know anything anyway. But nothing was to be left to chance; the master

would be most displeased if it was. Tai and Agumon had gone after them.

Just in case.

Biyomon was also enjoying the warm fire, and the death screams that came with it. She also was totally unaffected by the cries, the pain of her sister Digimon meaning nothing to her. It had been a good idea of Tai to erupt the village into flames before he left. It had been way too cold before. And very boring.

Sora felt two presences appear behind her. Tai and Agumon must be back already. The Digimon around here were so pathetic. Didn't anyone have any backbone?

"Did you find out anything?"

"No, they knew nothing. No matter, the renegades won't stay hidden for long." Tai answered, as he wrapped a strong arm around Sora's waist and pulled her close "It's only a matter of time."

"It better be. The master does not like failures."

"Then we will not fail." Tai said as he planted a smoldering kiss on her cheek. Sora looked at him with a savage grin, as he ran his fingers slowly through her hair and did something particularly enjoyable. Tai's eyes were equally as full with the destructive lust as her, something that made him even more alluring. Someone she must have. They locked in a passionate embrace in the firelight, framed by scenes of death.

They wouldn't fail.

In both their missions.

"So you have finally come. I've been waiting for you."

Matt stared at the image of Gennai hovering above the lake. The old man was looking at them in kindly amusement, though Matt had no idea what was so funny. As Gennai gently smirked Matt and Gabumon disappeared suddenly from the lakeshore. They reappeared in Gennai's living room.

"You mind warning us when you're going to do that, huh Gennai?" Matt growled, a little peeved. It didn't help things when Gennai started laughing softly from his spot in the alcove. Matt scowled even darker. It was not funny!

"Sorry, but then it wouldn't be a surprise, now would it?" Gennai said, still snickering a little.

"I've had my fill of surprises, thank you very much." Matt grumbled in response. It had not been a pleasant day to say the least.

"So, you've had a run in with the Digidestroyersâ€|" Gennai began, offering a cup of tea to Matt who took it gratefully. He had a few sips, letting the bitter liquid soothe his frayed nerves. Gabumon took his a few seconds later. The canine Digimon also relaxed visibly after a drag from the cup. Matt was beginning to feel better in the safe surroundings.

"â€¦ I'm surprised you managed to get away. The Digidestroyers are a tough bunchâ€¦"

"We had help from OGREMON. If it wasn't for him we'd be toast."

"Yes. Anyway it's lucky you did. EVILTARIMON will do anything to get his hands on you two. He's tearing apart the Digiworld right now just looking for you. If he gets you, he will have supreme power, and he will defeat the prophecy that now threatens to destroy himâ€¦"

"Excuse me Gennai, I don't mean to be rude butâ€¦" Gabumon said "â€¦What prophecy? Would someone please tell me what's going on?"

"Certainly Gabumon." Gennai said. " It goes like thisâ€¦"

The search had not been going well. Matt apparently had vanished off File Island altogether, and could be anywhere in the Digiworld. Logically he would have gone to Server, but Server was a large continent. It could take months to search it. EVILTARIMON had not given them months.

Problem.

Izzy stared down from Infinity Mountain. Cold black eyes surveyed the landscape intently, looking for any sign of his friends down below. A spark of light caught his eye. The Yokomon village. It and the surrounding area were an inferno of flames. An eyebrow quirked. Tai must be having fun; fire was his specialty and no one else could set ten square kilometers ablaze just by thinking about it. Ironic really, their abilities were somehow connected with the elements of life, and yet their purpose was death.

"See anything interesting out there Izzy." Drawled a voice like smoke and honey. Izzy didn't need to turn around to find out who said that. Only one in the Digiworld could own _that_ voice.

Mimi.

She tossed her luxurious golden brown locks from her shoulders, and sultrily walked to the edge of the cliff. Palmon silently followed, not saying a word. After their "recruitment" the Digimon had barely said anything, but that didn't matter. What mattered was that they served EVILTARIMON unfailinglyâ€¦and unquestionably.

As it should be.

Izzy refocused his eyes on the forests. A cruel and maniacal smile lit upon his lips. A plan had come to him, beautiful in all its ruthless details. The perfect way to draw out Matt Ishida. The bonds of friendship would be his destruction. He looked at Tentomon with interest. Yes, friendship would destroy him, and EVILTARIMON would be there to pick up the pieces. He continued smiling as he looked at Tentomon, and basked in the absolute ironic nature of the plan, laying on and refining the finishing details. It was perfect.

Soon Matt, Izzy thought. _Soon_.

"I never realizedâ€¦I never knewâ€¦" Gabumon stuttered, stunned at Gennai's story.

"Believe it young one. Through the crystal obelisk, Eviltarimon controls your friends. And he seeks to put that same kind of control on you. If he succeeds, the hopes and dreams of everyone here will be shattered, and there will be no way to stop him because he has all of you. But, for now there is a chance of success, even though slim. There was a prophecyâ€¦"

"Isn't there always." Matt said dryly.

"â€¦That foretold of his destruction by the hands of his former servants and the two that that will release them from bondage. To fulfill that prophecy you have to destroy the crystal obelisk."

"I'm sensing an "if" here." Matt mumbled peevishly.

"Oh Mattâ€¦ Lighten upâ€¦" Gabumon sighed.

"He's right Frosty. Brooding about this won't help anybody." Gennai said condescendingly, like a father to a small child. Matt kind of wished that his dad were there. He might have been aloof and sorta rough, but he had been always there when Matt needed to talk. He really missed those father/son chats and he could use one now. Suddenly he sat up with a start. What had Gennai called him?

"Frostyâ€¦?"

"Sorryâ€¦" Gennai said sheepishly. "I needed a nickname and that's the only appropriate one that comes to mind. Considering your powers and allâ€¦" He trailed off.

"What about my powers? What do you know of them." Matt said astounded. A chance for an explanation on why he had the darn things; something he wouldn't give up for all the candy on both worlds. He leaned forward eagerly.

"Wellâ€¦your abilities draw off the forces of life itself. That's why you have such power, and that's why Eviltarimon wants you so badly. He already controls death, now he wants total control of life too, so he can twist it into a grim parody of its former self. But life is not unchanging; each of your souls is unique in its own special way, and so your powers and what you represent is unique too. For example Tai represented Courage before he was changed, did he not? His spirit was fiery, untamed, and wouldn't back down from any challenge. He was Courage, and so his powers suited what he represented. Fire. Fire is bold and unafraid and wild, like courage. Besides, with that hair, anything else would just not have done. You Matt, are Friendship. You're cool but protective, nourishing, and mostly level headed. That's why you have a affinity with Ice, as you might have noticedâ€¦"

"Yes, I have. But what's the deal with the psychic element. You know, the telepathy, telekinesis and teleportation and all that." Matt asked, his head spinning.

"Ah yes. That. Well, the connection to life itself is psychic in

nature. But it's such a powerful linkâ€|erâ€|there are side affects, to understate the case."

"Like visions of the futureâ€|?" Matt trailed off. He coughed slightly. The dream or more accurately vision that he had had, had foretold that Eviltarimon was after him, his friends had changed for the worse, and his fate if he didn't manage to escape for the evil tyrant. It had also been so disturbing, that he had unconsciously leveled a square kilometer of forest while sleeping and nearly killed Gabumon in the process. It was not something he wanted to go into detail about.

"Sure, anything's possible. Whyâ€|You've been having dreams perhapsâ€|?" Gennai interrogated, a genuinely concerned gleam in his eye. He was worried about him. It was nice to know that Gennai was worried. But stillâ€|no way he was going to delve deeply into that particular memory. It was just too freaky.

Gabumon scuffed his foot on the floor and scratched his head delicately. Gennai instantly got the message. Now was not a good time to go into that particular subject. Instead he turned the conversation to a much more mundane and aromatic subject.

"Now I can see that you boys are tired, dirty andâ€|" he wrinkled his nose at the next part "â€|very odorous. That's why I took the liberty of arranging futons for both of you, new clothes for Matt, and most importantly a bath that you can get into right away." Gabumon winced very slightly. He doesn't like baths very much, noted Matt. Says that if he takes one, his fur will get stinky. Matt smirked a little. It was a tinge too late for that now.

Gennai obviously wasn't finished yet, cause then he added "In the morning, we can discuss this more, and help Matt explore his new abilities a bit. Help him learn to use them. It may be the only hope we got in staying alive through this mess. In the meantimeâ€|" he pointed to a door that lead to the bedchambers and the much dreaded bath.

Matt was in agreement with this. Learning to use his powers could be their and their friends, only chance at salvation. Not to mention the ticket to getting some serious payback on Eviltarimon. All he had to do was destroy the crystal obelisk, a difficult task at best. But who said it was going to be easy? Oh well, he could mull over the problem while soaking away the grit and sweat from the escape.

Gabumon began to sneak towards the door opposite the door to the bath. He was not looking forward to his little dip. But Gennai had the senses of a hawk, and before he could go five steps, Gennai roaredâ€|

"Bath! NOW!"

Gabumon just whimpered.

Thunder and lightening roared, as an elegant villa was battered by nonstop rain. The winds howled as Tk sat on a rocky ledge and probed the equally restless winds of life. Tk could feel that they had taken on a darker tune. His friends must have been very busy indeed to cause such a shift. He summoned up a goblet of nectar as he contemplated where his dear brother had gotten. To Server no doubt,

but where?

Where would he feel safe? Where could he hide, so it would be next to impossible to find him? A million places of course. Matt knew the Digiworld as well, if not better than the rest of them. He had been to places, none of the others had ever heard of. Tk took a sip. Randomly running about was not going to do any good to anybody. They needed a plan.

Something shattered his concentration. It was the unmistakable feeling of a summoning. Perhaps one of the others had found something. Maybe Kari had been given information by one of the spirits she had been coercing for hours. Maybe not. In any case, the master wanted to see them immediately.

Whether about good news or bad was still debatable.

Matt stood in front of the large standing mirror and brushed his hair to its normal spiky look slowly. Behind him, Gabumon still slept on one of the futons, looking a million times better than the night before. Matt smiled at the memory. Gabumon had refused to set one paw in the bathroom, even after when Gennai had said that he had smelled worse than a Skunkmon, and had to be dragged, screaming every step, and thrown into the water with Matt. The look as he hit the water was absolutely priceless, but his sullenness the entire night afterward was not. Matt just hoped he was in a better mood after he woke up. He quietly admired his clothes and had to admit that Gennai actually had good taste. He wore calf high boots made of dark leather, with dark blue pants and an evening purple shirt that tied up at the neck. To top it off, a hooded midnight blue cloak with silver threads woven throughout, gave the impression that Matt was wrapped in the night sky. To say it bluntly, it was pretty cool. Matt saw something flicker in the mirror. It was Gennai standing in the doorway, a painfully grave look in his eyes. Matt immediately understood that they needed to talk.

In private.

Making sure that they were far enough away so they wouldn't wake up Gabumon by accident, Matt sent a questioning look at Gennai, who only scowled deeper. Whatever it was, it was serious.

"How's Gabumon?"

Matt was a little thrown by that question. Not the thing he thought he'd hear but he went along anyway " He's fine. Worn out from last night's escapades, but fine. He's sleeping it off right now. He'll be up soon."

"Good. Matt, I'm going to be blunt with you on this. Lately I've been receiving reports of acts of extreme violence from File Island. Whole villages simply wiped out after they were questioned about your and Gabumon's whereabouts. File Island is in ruins. There's almost no one left standing, and those who are left are being hunted for whatever knowledge they have about you. Your friends are responsible for the carnage."

"I know." Matt said softly. Warm liquid began running down his cheeks as he thought about all the Digimon that had paid the ultimate price because of Eviltarimon's dark desires. That grief exploded into anger

that resulted in a truck sized hole, as his fist released Matt's pent up rage into a nearby unlucky wall. A startled yelp was heard from the other room. Matt swore silently. Great, he had wakened Gabumon up.

"Please don't do that. It costs a fortune to have these walls detailed, don't ya know." Gennai said, scolding but understandingly. Matt blushed. Punching a hole through Gennai's wall had been a little extreme.

"Errâ€¦ Sorryâ€¦"

Reclining back on his ornate throne, Eviltarimon considered his opinions. It had become quite clear that Matt was not on File Island but on Server, somewhere on that vast continent. It was nearly impossible to search that place quickly and he had been running out of ideas. Fortunately Izzy had not. He had set upon the one surefire method to find Matt. A method that involved one that lived underwater, and that was the epitome of irony for the Digidestined and Digimon of friendship. A method that would provide an interesting drama to boot.

He watched with interest as his Digidestroyers put the final touches to the "plan". His red eyes gleamed brighter as he beheld the finished product. It was perfect. No one would be able to guess its true purpose. Until too late.

It was time to bag his prizes.

To be continuedâ€¦

So what did you think? It took longer to finish this cause I had to intern at a nearby lab for a week. But I'm glad I did; I met the most interesting person. A blue eyed blond from shipping and handling whoâ€¦guess whatâ€¦ was named Matt Ishida. No joke. He sat down at my table during the lunch break and we talked about current work and our pets. He said he had a canine companion who he was separated from at thirteen. Strange, huh? It gets weirder. And no I am not joking. When he got up to go back to work, I noticed he had something that kinda looked like a pager on his belt. I must say, this was the freakiest of all the freaky coincidences of my life. Now that I'm done with my tale of the weird encounter at work, I have to announce that I'm holding a little contest for my readers. If you can guess what Izzy's plan is, then you get a mention in the next act. I've hidden little clues all over the fanfic, so you just have to go looking for them. Fun, no? Just send your answer in via review.

ShannonL.

4. Repressions

> <meta name="Generator"> Darkness Rising, act 4

I don't own Digimon (Big Surprise), Toei and Saban do, so don't sue me. I can assure you that I'm not making any money off this, just the opposite. I have the results of my contest in. ~Lys~, you've been given a small cameo in this one. Enjoy. Anyway, the usual OOC (Out Of Character) alert is up, and you definitely want to read "The hour of the wolf" and the first three acts of Darkness Rising. A lot of stuff

from those fanfics are touched upon in this one.

Darkness Rising, act 4

"It's time for you to go to work Tentomon. Remember Gennai is a crafty one, he won't be fooled easily. He must suspect nothing, or he won't locate Matt for us. Act as if you've been playing along with us the whole time, trying to destroy Eviltarimon from the inside, only to be caught in the act of trying to destroy the crystal obelisk. These injuries that Tk, Kari, and I have given you, should give your alibi an extra boost. Say that you received them trying to escape, and only managed to get to Server using this telestoneâ€¦" Izzy held up a round stone that had ancient Digi-script etched all over its smooth surface. "He of course won't buy this at first, but given timeâ€¦perhaps the credibility of your story will convince him. Mimi, Tai and Joe are now spreading the lie all around File Island. Soon the story of your "treachery" will reach Gennai's ears, and that old fool will eagerly lap it up, desperate for anything to use against our master."

Izzy paused, as if remembering some half-important fact. "Oh yes, just in case he finds out, use thisâ€¦" he tossed Tentomon a small crystal. "This will activate the dark sphere placed in Gennai by Piedmon. Once activated, the sphere will cause Gennai to experience fits of uncontrollable pain. He will do anything to make it stop. Even hand Matt over to us. Although it's preferable that he doesn't find out. The irony would be so much sweeter that way. You will contact me through our link when you find something."

Tentomon nodded silently. He gripped the telestone tightly as it began to give off a faint pearly light. The light began to outline Tentomon's insectoid form as well. The light intensified as the telestone began its task of bringing him to Server, to Gennai, and to Matt's end. Izzy had to squint as the light reached its peak, and then was gone.

Now it was only a matter of time.

"How was your night?"

Gabumon only growled, and began to search the table for the bacon he knew was there. What a stupid question to ask. They knew perfectly well how he was feeling. Trying to sleep with stinky fur after thatâ€¦thatâ€¦_bath_ had been completely impossible, and being woken up by what sounded like a small explosion didn't help either. At least there had been no enemy, only a fist through the wall by an extremely upset Matt. Of course he couldn't blame him; the news from File Island was enough to make anyone go through the roof. Or a wall. Just the thought of most of File Island's Digimon being deleted made Gabumon want to Blue Blaster a few walls himself. He sniffed around for the bacon, and finally located it behind a stack of pancakes that threatened to fall over at any moment. With a small sigh of satisfaction, he began to wolf down the strips of steaming meat. With a glance he saw Matt eating his own breakfast of scrambled eggs and salsa, in an unusually refined manner, unlike himself, where he was just content to stuff his face. Gabumon frowned. Matt certainly seemed different. Maybe it was the situation, the full emergence of his powers, or maybe he just did his hair differently that morning. He didn't know. All he did know, as he watched Matt nibble at a piece of egg, was that he wasn't the same person he had been when this mess

began.

Matt shifted slightly on his cushion and delicately plucked a few pancakes from the warmer. Gabumon's mouth began to water once more as he caught a whiff of subtle, earthy smell of wheat and the rich, creamy scent of butter. His stomach grumbled jealously, and Matt, raising an eyebrow, forked over a few to him too. Giving a thankful smile, Gabumon dug into the pancakes with delight.

"So what have you heard from File Island lately Gennai?" Matt said tentatively. His eyes were haunted, ghosts dancing in those glacier blue depths. Gabumon was sure that he hadn't gotten the trauma of the last week. The "what ifs" and the "why didn'ts" must still be running through Matt's head. Poor guy. He needed some peace from his inner demons. If only he could go into Matt's heart and destroy them like he had destroyed all the evil Digimon who had dared even lay a hand on his best friend. But the only one who could successfully battle them was Matt himself. The only thing Gabumon could do was be there, and try to be a pillar of support when Matt needed him most. Which, he had a sneaking suspicion, would be often in the next few days.

"A very interesting story if I do say so myself. It seems like Tentomon was never under Eviltarimon's control after all. He was just playing along till he got a chance to go after the crystal obelisk. But unfortunately he was discovered in the attempt and was badly beaten up. He just managed to escape with the aid of a telestone. Now he's somewhere on Server with the rest of them hot on his heels. Quite a pickle he's in, isn't he."

"He escaped with a telestone?" Matt asked, the slightest bit of confusion apparent in his voice.

Gabumon smiled slightly. For all his time in the Digiworld, Matt still was in the dark about a lot of things. Like telestones. Oh well, time to educate him.

Gennai beat him to it. "Telestones are ancient transportation devices. They instantly get the user from point A to point B. Very easy to use, all you have to do is think of where you want to go and you're there. In fact, I have a couple of my own. They certainly save me all that time waiting at the airport."

Gabumon and Matt both sweatdropped at that. Gennai's humor was questionable at best, and at times it just plain stunk. This was one of them.

Matt frowned and got the far away gleam of introspection. He bit his lip and began to tap his fingertips on the smooth black lacquered tabletop. Tap, Tap, Tap. Gabumon wondered whatever he could be thinking about. Nothing good by the way he was scowling.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

An alarm sounded within the confines of Gennai's underwater home causing Gennai to suddenly spit out the coffee he had been enjoying. Matt lurched up startled, his new midnight blue cloak flying out behind him, the silver threads woven about sparkling like stars. Gabumon did the same. They were ready to deal with the danger, whatever it might be.

Gennai bounded through the halls to a small room neither Matt nor Gabumon had seen before. He skidded to a stop before a violently flashing console and madly began pushing buttons left and right. Gabumon peered closely at the console along with Matt.

Something was emerging from the woods.

It was short and squat and insectoid. A pair of wavy yellow antennae sprouted from its head. Large green compound eyes dominated its face. Its body was battered and bruised. There was no mistaking this Digimon.

There was no mistaking Tentomon.

Matt stared in quiet shock as he looked at the monitor. It was Tentomon all right but as Matt probed the area, he detected the whiff of something just not right. The same aura he got whenever he came in contact with another of the Digidestroyers. It could be just the lingering presence of Izzy and the others, or it could be the warning of another trap ahead. Either way, it was wise to keep his guard up, even though he could sense none of the others anywhere. Something about Tentomon didn't seem right.

Oh no.

The crystal obelisk had held fourteen souls. FOURTEEN! And since Gabumon and he were in possession of theirs at the moment, that meantâ€¦|

TRAP!

Good Lord! Gennai didn't know how exactly how many souls were captured. Matt knew, as did Gennai, that if anybody had been spared, they would play along and try to free the others. And that's what made it the perfect plan. If Tentomon had been really spared, then he would have done the same thing as the rumor purported him to do. It was genius really. Izzy's handiwork of course. It could be no one else's.

Tentomon had come to Gennai's to find Matt and Gabumon by using his friendship with Gennai to have him locate them. And that was what was just going to happen if he came in there. He had to warn Gennaiâ€¦|

Matt whirled and opened his mouth to scream out a warning to Gennai but too late. The hum of a teleport began to fill the room and thenâ€¦|

Tentomon was there, and looking like he had just won the lottery.

Tentomon felt the tingle as Gennai teleported him in. The old man really was a fool. He had lapped up that false story about he "betraying" his master, just as Izzy predicted. Tentomon would never betray his lord. It was unthinkable. This had been so easy. Now just to convince the idiot to find Matt and Gabumon and the master would be pleased. So very pleased.

Tentomon always pleased his master.

He appeared in a small room ringed in consoles and monitors; Gennai at the controls. Sucker. A flick of dark blue cloth with silver threads caught his multifaceted eyes. Of all the oddsâ€¦|

Them.

Matt and Gabumon stood at one side of the room. Matt had a fierce scowl and was in a fighting stance, cold blue and silver energy flickering around him. Gabumon looking uncertainly at Matt, but also ready for battle. A crackling sound was heard as ice blades formed at Matt's wrists and the blue and silver fire increased. He certainly looked menacing as the dark cloak billowed around him, the hood shadowing his face.

Tentomon winced. Now Gennai had caught on. He punched at the controls like his life depended on it, and it did. There could be none of that. He concentrated and activated the crystal that controlled the dark sphere.

"ARRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

Matt and Gabumon jerked as they heard Gennai scream in agony. Tentomon smiled secretly to himself. Now, while they were distracted, he would contact Izzy through the link that they shared and bring all the Digidestroyers down upon their heads.

All he had to do was concentrate once more.

Izzy's head snapped up as he felt Tentomon's beckon in the back of his mind. Matt had been found at last! He had been at Gennai's all along! He gave a wide grin and motioned to the others milling around Eviltarimon's throne room.

"Matt's been found. At _Gennai's_."

"Come on, let's go. Matt and Gabumon have dallied long enough." Tai chuckled coldly. Then he smiled. It was the grin of a predator looking at its next meal.

Izzy agreed. The hunt had gone on too long.

They disappeared.

Time for the kill.

Matt cursed himself for not acting sooner. Tentomon was backing into a wall, and Gennai was still screaming in pain. What could be causing it? Then he noticed the glowing in one of Tentomon's hands. Whatever it was, it was the source of Gennai's agony.

One of Matt's fists glowed brighter and brighter with the cold energy of his aura. Whatever it was, it wasn't going to be around long. He took aim andâ€¦|

The room suddenly got a whole lot more crowded.

Matt felt the air rushing out of him as two somethings pinned him to the wall, and landed two fists to his gut. Matt broke one arm free and slashed with his ice blades. He was rewarded with another punch.

Gabumon was being similarly treated and despite his repeated attacks of "Blue Blaster", was quickly overpowered. He was just as helpless as Matt.

Gennai through it all was writhing in pain on the floor and being thoroughly ignored. That was until he tried to get up to help, and received a foot to the face. He didn't move since.

There was no mistaking whom his assailants were.

The Digidestroyers.

His friends.

Matt had to get out of there. Now! He turned his thoughts to ice, and thought cold. Cold. He imagined his attackers as blocks of ice. Surprised shrieks of pain greeted his ears but he didn't stop. All he thought was cold.

Something smashed into the back of his skull, and rocked him forward. Black took him on silent, peaceful wings to dreamless sleep. Matt fought against it but he couldn't. It was too powerful. As he swooned and fell to darkness, he whispered one final defiant cryâ€

```
"Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooâ€| â€| â€| â€| â€| â€| â€| â€| â€| â€| â€|
â€| â€| â€| ! "
```

Gennai stumbled to his feet after what seemed like hours, and gasped at what he saw. The place was in shambles. But even worse, Matt and Gabumon were gone. No doubt taken by the Digidestroyers.

He had failed.

He had failed to protect them from Eviltarimon and he had failed to recognize the trap that was Tentomon. He had been fooled by the bonds of friendship. And now both of them were in Eviltarimon's clutches. And there was no way to get them back. The underwater villa now seemed very small as the magnitude of what had happened weighed down on Gennai.

"May I be forgiven for what I have done." He sobbed to the empty house.

The Digiworld was doomed.

"Uhhhhhâ€¦"

Matt forced open his eyes to find himself lying on the cold floor of a small cell. Alone. Gabumon was not there. Matt immediately probed the area with his mind and found him. He was being led to _somewhere_, and with a sinking heart Matt realized that somewhere had to be the crystal obelisk. His fists clenched as his eyes flared with rage; Eviltarimon was going to pay for this. As soon as he got to Gabumon, and freed him, that is.

Matt got up and dusted off his new dark purple shirt and blue pants. His eyes, now burning silver and blue, glowed as beacons in the dark cell, as Matt brought every bit of his power to bear for an

instantaneous teleportation to his friend. He would not let Gabumon be taken too. Not if he could help it.

He went nowhere.

Frustrated Matt kicked the side of the wall and said some inappropriate things. What in heaven's name was selectively blocking his powers? He could sense them, but not do anything about it. He furiously whipped his head up to the ceiling. There, sitting mockingly in the center, was a large hunk of the same crystal that the obelisk was made of. Matt swore violently. What was with this guy and crystals, huh? Matt was getting sick of the clear, shiny rocks. At least Devimon's thing with gears was proper villain behavior, but this guyâ€|?

A crackling sound and a choking cloud of dust derailed Matt's little slamming of Eviltarimon. Looking down, he saw he had kicked his foot through the wall. Matt chuckled a little. First Gennai's, now this; it had to be his day for walls. Crouching down a bit, Matt went to work on widening the hole. As soon as he had widened it enough, he would slip out, rescue Gabumon, free his friends' souls, and thenâ€| Matt coldly smirked. And thenâ€|

â€|Eviltarimon was going to learn what happens when you mess with the Digidestined.

Eviltarimon waited impatiently in his innermost sanctum, the crystal obelisk glowing faintly. He silently kneeled before the obelisk, as a black mist formed around it, and congealed into a sphere of slightly luminescent black. Eviltarimon winced, the creator of Apocalymon, of Myotismon, of him, was here at last. This was the thing where everything vile, and sick and nasty- most definitely evil, flowed from. The spring of darkness.

Source.

Eviltarimon shuddered as every joyful thought was sucked away, and despair welled up inside of him. Source fed on despair and suffering. Like one of those Dementors from that wildly popular Earth book series Harry Potter. He could hear the Seeramon's distant voices mocking him.

You will fail. The prophecy will be fulfilled and you will die! The voices hissed.

Eviltarimon shook the voices off. If that Digi-brat Matt could overcome Source's effect during that fateful walk in the cave before Piedmon's final battle, than so could he. Suddenly the room felt less confining but still as icy cold.

Source flickered with amusement. Eviltarimon felt a jolt that roughly translated into the human vernacular was a job well done. Eviltarimon breathed in relief. If Source had been angry, he would be Digidust, floating on some forgotten wind.

Source melted its way back into the shadows. Eviltarimon slowly got up, not wanting to think about the matter. Things that involved Source were usually best forgotten anyway. His eyes glowed crimson; there was a lot to do. Take over the Digital World, take over Earth, and take over Matt and Gabumon's souls. There sure was a lot to take

over. Where he would find the time, he didn't know. Ah well, he would make due.

He always had.

Matt raced down the hallways in hot pursuit of Gabumon. Every so often, he'd teleport, but the crystal's effects lingered on him and he couldn't get very far. Not to mention Eviltarimon's servants kept getting in the way. He impaled another Devildramon with a spear of ice, and hurdled over it, not sparing it a second glance. Time was of the essence, and his might already be out. His day was really sucking so far. But as his Internet pen pal ~Lys~ always said, "Stop complaining, and DO it." Matt realized that he had to stop grumbling about what had happened, and start concentrating fully on rescuing the others, and kicking Eviltarimon's @\$@ all the way to the Data World and back.

A ripple of fear forced its way into Matt's mind. Not his fear, someone else's. Gabumon's. They must be starting the process of stealing Gabu's soul to feed to that demonic icon. Matt sprinted faster than even he found possible, sending a horde of Blossomon flying. Curse him. Eviltarimon will rue the day he ever dared lay hands on his best friend. He will RUE it.

He was going to tear him apart. Piece by little piece. Boiling anger hissed in his ears and he did not deny it. He embraced it. Anger was good, anger was clean; it served to squash all the other emotions of worry, fear, and grief that were threatening to overwhelm him. Power flowed through his veins, burning hotter than a million suns, churning and building; screaming to get out. Out. OUT!

Matt half ran, half flew through a set of ornately inscribed doors into a hallway of gleaming mirrors that threw blinding rays of light from the room beyond. Matt knew that that's where his friends were. And Eviltarimon too.

Suddenly a scream pierced the ominous silence.

Gabumon!

He burst into the room at top speed, shocking all present. Matt was shocked too. There was Gabumon, chained by the obelisk with streamers of light, and a thin spiral of shadow moving its way to his chest, to gouge out and consume his soul. Matt's fury increased tenfold, and before anyone could move, much less utter a cry of protest, he launched himself and a scathing blast of ice-cold blue and silver energy.

Things seemed to move in slow motion, as Eviltarimon wailed, the Digidestroyers began charging Gabumon was freed thanks to the impact of the beam, and Matt slammed into the obelisk, bringing it smashing to the ground. Eviltarimon swore in horror and began moving as fast as he could toward Matt. But it was too late for all of them. Matt was flaming with his aura failing about, concentrating all his power, every drop of what he had, into the crystal obelisk. Wild energy filled the room as a crack appeared. And then another. Another. Matt strained even harder and

The supposedly indestructible obelisk shattered into a million pieces of useless crystal.

Fourteen trapped souls spiraled out of the ruins of the icon. Two of each color. Orange, red, purple, green, gray, gold, pink. They spun around the room, emitting multicolored sparks, until they found their other halves. A thousand branches of light encased each body, as the souls reintegrated themselves in a burst of fireworks. Each person's eyes glowed brightly, then dimmed as body and soul was reunited at last.

Everybody was back to normal.

Eviltarimon was looking not so good however. He was slumped against a far wall, looking a mixture of sick, terrified, and plain pissed off. His hood had fallen off and his face was even more chalk white than usual. But he resolutely pried himself off the floor, and stood tall (though wobbly) facing the Digidestined. He looked ten times more insane than he usually was.

"Damn you Guardian of Friendship! Damn you and your accursed race! You have cost me my servants, and maybe my very LIFE, but this will not go unanswered. Your world and my world will become one, and then all shall see you ground like the very worms you are! IT'S OVER!"

With a mighty yell, Eviltarimon thrust his hand to the sky and the whole building began to shake and rumble. Matt was thrown sideways as the world lost its grip on reality and was thrown end over end. Everything seemed to blur and fuzz out of focus, then snapped back with alarming clarity. What he saw made him pitch forwards in horrified amazement.

He was home.

But not the home he knew and loved.

It was Odiaba of course. Except now Odiaba had a large mountain in the middle of it and an actual jungle, opposed to the urban jungle it had possessed before. Here and there, there were signs of the Digiworld mixed in; some obvious, some not. Everywhere Digimon and human alike looked in terror at their new surroundings—and at each other. Matt was frightened, aside from Eviltarimon killing everyone, that they would start a fight out of fear and suspicion. The humans still remembered Myotismon's rampage through the city with vivid detail, and the Digimon had had no reason to trust humans lately cause of Eviltarimon's schemes. Even if they defeated him, they were going to have other problems to deal with. Problems that were more complex than just simply going in and kicking the bad guy's but.

Eviltarimon was smirking slightly, as everybody glowered at him, faces showing varying degrees of horror and fury. Fists were balled, auras blazing, and he seemed to treat it as a joke. It wasn't very funny to Matt.

"Now—" he said softly, smiling the lunatic's smile "Now you all die. And this time—this time, there's no coming back."

To be continued—

So what's going to happen now? Are they going to defeat Eviltarimon?

Are they going to save the day? Who is this mysterious Source, and what relevance is he? And what are the lasting repercussions for the merged worlds? Tune in for the "Ack" ~ Gets whapped in the head ~ I swear it wasn't me! I swear it wasn't me! The spirit of the evil narrator possessed me! ~ Gets suspicious looks ~ It's true. Anyway what did you think? Hmmm? Please Review.

5. Final Stand

> <meta name="Generator"> Darkness Rising, Act 5

No, I don't own Digimon, Toei and Saban does, so don't sue please, it's not worth your time. I really recommend you read Acts 1-4 of "Darkness Rising" and "The hour of the wolf before this one", or you'll probably get lost. The usual OOC (Out Of Character) alert is here along with a violence alert. There's a reason why this is rated PG-13 after all. I may plan on doing a sequel to this series, but definitely after my computer goes into the shop on Friday. We'll see.

All flames will be fed to my furnace.

Darkness Rising, Act 5

Matt stared icily at Eviltarimon as he insanely pronounced their imminent deaths. The evil warlord had apparently lost it when Matt had destroyed his precious crystal obelisk and his hold on the other Digidestined children and Digimon. So he had done the unthinkable; he'd merged the Digiworld and Earth into one entity. Now he threatened to destroy everything. Anger welled up in him. Not bloody likely.

Eviltarimon began to laugh crazily as a vortex of dark energy surrounded him. Purple and black lightening cracked as the energy built, and built and exploded out in a flash. Matt and the others were picked off their feet and thrown screaming, into trees and hedges and whatever else was lying about.

"And this is only the beginning." he snarled.

Matt shakily got to his feet and untangled his dark blue cloak with the glittering silver threads from around him. He had had enough. This was it. Final showdown.

No looking back.

His aura exploded around him in a blaze of blue and silver color. All around him he saw the others reacting the same way.

Tai in an orange and gold aura, looking mightily pissed off.

Sora going into a fighting stance, red and fuchsia fire swirling around her. She narrowed her eyes and gave a savage scowl at Eviltarimon.

Izzy, sparkling in purple and blue, studying Eviltarimon with a rage burning in his eyes that Matt had never seen before. Matt knew that he must of have held himself personally responsible for the attack at Gennai's and the pain and suffering cause by it, even though really

he had no control over the situation. In actuality none of them were responsible for their actions, being under Eviltarimon's control and all. That didn't provide much comfort for them, as Matt could see, even in the heat of battle, that guilt was consuming them inside.

Joe, black and silver aura raging wildly, had an expression that was a mixture of sickened grief and fiery rage. He was clearly remembering the attack on OGREMON, and his part in it.

Mimi glowed with her pink and green aura. Tears trickled down her lovely face and past a mouth twist in a bitter grimace. Gentle Mimi, who hated violence of every kind, looked like she could tear through ten feet of solid concrete with her bare hands. Those hands trembled as she waited for some signal to attack.

Kari, was looking just as pissed off as her brother, bared her teeth in a snarl. She looked remarkably like GATOMON at that moment. Her small frame was consumed in the fires of pink and white aura, and was tensed, waiting for the fight to start.

Tk's eyes were stony with rage that didn't belong on a boy his age. White and gold energy flowed off him and flicked fiercely into the night. He raised a fist, trembling slightly with barely controlled anger, growling lowly in his throat the whole time.

All at once the chests of the children's chests glowed brightly. Matt felt the tingly feeling that always came with this and thenâ€¦

"Agumon Warp-Digivolve to WarGreymon!"

"Gabumon Warp-Digivolve to MetalGarurumon!"

"Biyomon Warp-Digivolve to Phoenixmon!"

"Tentomon Warp-Digivolve to HerculesKabuterimon!"

"Palmon Warp-Digivolve to Rosemon!"

"Gomamon Warp-Digivolve to MarineAngemon!"

"Patamon Warp-Digivolve to HolyAngemon!"

"Gatomon Warp-Digivolve to HolyAngewomon!"

Matt smiled as he looked at Eviltarimon, shivering slightly from terror. He should be shaking, he thought. Because when we get through with him, there will be nothing left but Digidust.

Payback time.

Eviltarimon shook slightly as he saw the Digimon take their Mega forms and take up position alongside the children, who were shining with the powers locked within them. He couldn't believe it had come down to this. Even after all the signs, all the warnings, he had been blind to the danger, and now he would pay for it. Why had he not listened to the Seeramon? Why? Even though their prophecy had sounded like a foolish human fairytale at the time, it had been slowly coming true, bit by bit. Matt and Gabumon had escaped, Matt destroyed the

crystal obelisk, his servants' souls released to them, and now his death, his death, was only seconds from realization. He laughed bitterly; for all his powers, for all his talents, even the mighty Eviltarimon couldn't change fate. And death, supposedly the very thing he controlled, was about to snap its cold jaws upon him.

The irony was sickening.

He watched the Digidestined warily circle him like a pack of hungry wolves. Their faces were livid, clearly remembering the last few days. He smirked at that. The memory of what they'd done, voluntary or not, was going to stay in their accursed heads forever. A delicious bit of revenge, small as it was.

Eviltarimon clenched his hands into white fists. A wave of determination swept through him. If he was going to die, he would die like a mon, on his feet and fighting.

Bring it on, his eyes seemed to say to the tensed up Digidestined.
Bringâ€|itâ€|ON!

Eviltarimon stood quietly in the middle of the circling Digidestined. Tai growled as he noticed the look in the Digimon's eyes. It said that this guy wasn't going to give up, no matter what they threw at him. That was fine, they weren't going to give up either. Black and purple lightning flared around Eviltarimon fists, as he silently powered up to attack. Tai noticed however, and immediately stopped prowling.

"Watch out guys! Here we go again!"

Tai began to focus his powers, and immediately a raging inferno of flame began to collect around his hands, though feeling none of the heat himself. His blood raged with fire, it was a part of him just like his hands, mind and heart. He observed the others were doing the same, prepared to attack on the count of three, trusting the others to attack just as soon as he led off.

Three.

Tai let loose an incinerating blast of white-hot flames, directed at Eviltarimon. They hit straight on, and as he predicted, the others let loose with an indescribable barrage of Ice, Plant, Water, Earth, Energy, Spirit, and Air based attacks.

"Terra Force!"

"Ice Wolf Claw!"

"Holy Light!"

"Heaven's Gate!"

"Petal Blast!"

"Star Light Explosion!"

"Giga Scissor Claw!"

"Ocean Love!"

The Digimon poured their attacks into a rising dust cloud that shielded Eviltarimon from view. The dust cloud thickened as the attacks hit home.

"Yahoo! Wahoo! Yes!" the rest of the Digidestined screamed in delight at what looked like the end of Eviltarimon. Tai was not too certain about that. The guy could bring people back from the dead; he wouldn't be that easy to kill off.

As if on cue the dust began to swirl and then shot off in all directions. There stood Eviltarimon, smoking from his singed robes, but otherwise unharmed. He began to laugh maniacally at the Digidestined, who were looking utterly shocked.

Tk softly stuttered, "Why didn't it work? I thought we had him beat." His face had gone deathly pale, sharply contrasting with his blue eyes and golden hair. He was shivering slightly from seeing the impossible happen. Though with the Digidestined, the impossible happened on a regular basis.

Tai swore under his breath. This was not good. This was not GOOD!

Eviltarimon looked them up and down. "Really. I was expecting better. I can't believe I was actually frightened of you puny Digi-brats!" He laughed again "Too bad for you."

He snickered and raised his hands with one fluid gesture. The ground pitched and churned as the dark lightning erupted from it. The skies turned an ugly bruise red and shone with an eerie light. Tai looked at it with a sense of foreboding. He had a feeling that they were going to see Eviltarimon's true, full, horrific power.

Eviltarimon slammed down his hands with an almighty crack and screamed the words "Final Horizon!" The red sky seemed to twist and convulse, and then crashed down on top of him and the others. He dimly heard Kari scream and Sora cry out his name, and then the world faded to black. He was in an abyss with the others out of sight, but still there. And in the center, darkly glowing with electricity was Eviltarimon.

Tai felt totally at a loss. Not since his battle with Apocalymon, had he faced a situation like this. And Apocalymon hadn't controlled the blank space. It was maddening. What could he do?

He hoped he'd find the answer and soon.

Eviltarimon couldn't believe his luck. The Seeramon's prophecy had turned out to be a dud after all. He had them cornered like Micemon, and nothing they could do could prevent him from pouncing. He grinned evilly. Oh yes he was going to finish them off—but slowly. Very slowly. He would toy with the Digidestined and when he got bored—they became expendable.

But who first?

The tall one with the spiky blond hair and the cold blue eyes caught his eye. Matt—perfect. The one that had seemingly ruined everything for him by destroying the crystal obelisk, would be the first to feel

his anger.

This was going to be _so _therapeutic.

Prepare yourself Matt Eviltarimon thought _Prepare yourself, because I'm going to send you on a one way trip to Hell._

Matt waited in the darknessâ€|alone. His breathing was ragged as he tried to find the others. He could sense them out there but he couldn't _see_ them in the inky blackness. A chilling cackle broke the stillness, and before he could react, a ripple of lightening snaked out and slammed into him. He screamed in agony as the electricity coursed unchecked through his body and vaguely heard the others shout out his name, trying to find if he was all right. He howled in response, his face contorted into a gruesome mask, lightening sparking off his teeth and hair.

And suddenly it stopped. Matt was just content to lay there and breathe, in and out. In and out. Praying that he could stand the next round of energy and pain. Praying that at least he would forget about the others.

Then he heard a distant scream. Another. And then another. Eviltarimon was going after his friends! Matt screamed at him to stop, to come after him instead, but Eviltarimon, seeing how much his friends meant to him, went after them with a new vengeance. The screams became more frequent, higher in intensity. Matt felt the volcano like anger burn and rise in him, taking hold.

Then he heard a cry he recognized. Tk!

Matt exploded with raw seething energy. Forget waiting passively around for Eviltarimon to come and finish him off at his leisure. It was time to kick ass, even though there was only a slim chance of doing it. He locked on to Tk's presence and teleported to his little brother.

"Tk! Are you all right? Did he hurt you bad?" Matt cried anxiously.

"I'm fineâ€|" At this time Tk latched on to Matt and buried his face into Matt's shirt sniffing "But he's really scary. I don't think we can beat him!" he sobbed. Matt wrapped an arm around his little brother, pulling him tight, and used the other hand to gently ruffle his golden hair.

"Don't be scared of him Tk. That's what he wants you to be. But you're stronger than that, we all areâ€|right?" Tk gave a teary nod. "And that's why I know we can beat this creep, and any other that come our way!"

"You think so?"

"I know so. Together we can beat anything! All we have to do is have a little faith!"

"Then I'm ready. Bring him on!"

"That's the spirit kiddo!"

"Touchingâ€|" a crisp voice drawled "Makes me wish I had a camcorder so I could record this special moment. But I guess I'll settle for destroying you instead!"

Matt hissed. Eviltarimon!

"Forget it lamebrain. Your destroying days are over!" Tai yelled from somewhere nearby. Suddenly the black abyss wasn't so black after all, as the others' auras lit up the darkness enough to see. Matt smiled, relieved. The calvary was here.

Matt began shining, as did Tk, with their own special auras. They all encircled Eviltarimon once more, intending either to destroy him or die in the attempt.

"All together!" Yelled Matt and Tai.

A silvery web encircled the area as each and every one of them drew upon their abilities for the last strike. Eviltarimon, sensing that things weren't going his way, Matt noted, tried to make a run for it, but was trapped by the silver web. The silver web began to crackle and spark with electricity, as everyone finished gathering the energy for the final attack.

"Now!" howled everyone at once.

Matt pushed everything he had into the blast and was gratified to see a thick beam of icy blue-silver energy joined by fifteen other attacks directed straight at Eviltarimon.

"ARRRGGGGHHHH!!!!!!"

The combined blast hit Eviltarimon straight in the chest, bringing him to his knees as he tried to fight the combined forces of the Digidestined children's and Digimon's powers. He slowly trembled as the barrage continued, weakening ever so slowly. His cruel face contorted in agony but still he fought back, trying to turn the situation to his side again.

"Don't give up!" screamed Izzy, trembling from the strain of using his powers full on for a prolonged period. "He's weakening! Just don't give up! We can DO IT!"

He was right! Eviltarimon was definitely looking worse every second that this continued. But still he was defiant, refusing to admit defeat. Suddenly the silver misty web exploded in a nova of prismatic rays of light, and everything became fragmented.

Courageous Tai, his bold and wild spirit burning like the fire he was akin to, shooting a column of flames.

Mimi, scowling, ducking a burst of dark lightening, and sending out a blast of solar energy in return.

Sora firing a purplish red beam and snatching Kari away from a similar beam at the same time.

Joe, looking terrified but fighting anyway.

Eviltarimon was slowly fading away to Digidust.

"Go to Hell!"

Matt couldn't tell who said that, one of the others or even himself. He felt everything being sucked out of him, into his beam, and heard one last faint despairing scream as Eviltarimon faded completely away. Then everything seemed to freeze and slowly go to nothingness. Matt let out a shocked gasp as his consciousness went blank and the world went swirling.

"Uhhâ€|"

Matt slowly opened his eyes after what seemed like hours later and found a pair of brown eyes staring back. Matt gave a little squeak, and then realized who this was. It was Tsunomon, Gabumon's In-Training stage. Matt blinked a few times; he hadn't seen Tsunomon in awhile, since whenever Garurumon, WereGarurumon, or MetalGarurumon dedigivolved, it was to Gabumon not Tsunomon. Poor guy; he must of used all of his energy in the fight. Matt tried to get up but the most he managed was a few inches of the ground before he flopped back. Matt groaned, Tsunomon wasn't the only one who had used up all his energy.

"Matt! Matt! Are you all right?!" Tsunomon asked concerned.

"Ugh. Just fine Tsunomon. Just tired, and bruised, and hungry." Matt said, wiping a few strands of blond hair out of his eyes. He gazed at the stars, now visible since Eviltarimon's evil influence. They were serene, unaffected by the calamity that had nearly claimed both worlds. And yet, Eviltarimon's hand could still be quite plainly seen. The two worlds were still merged; Infinity Mountain in the middle of Odiaba was not a thing one could miss.

Suddenly the thrum of pounding feet could be heard. Joe, Mimi, Tk, Izzy and everyone else raced up to him, all holding their respective Digimon. All looked utterly exhausted. Tai and Sora each grabbed one of Matt's arms and hauled him to his feet. Matt smiled gratefully and leaned on them, catching his breath. Then tiredly, he straightened up, and Tsunomon hopped into his arms. He hugged his partner close, the last few days had been hell and after all that, he never wanted to be separated from him again.

Never.

"Can we go home now?" Mimi asked, cradling Tanemon in her arms. She looked like she was about to fall asleep.

"Yes Mimiâ€|" Matt said, "â€|let's go home."

And they turned and started walking towards Odiaba, framed by the first few rays of the rising sun. Matt could help reflecting as they walked from the battleground about how much each of them had changed, how he had changed, since a few months ago, when they were still innocent kids enjoying a summer's day at camp. He saw how much they had grown, matured, become stronger people through all the trials they faced. He knew that through all the problems that they would face in the coming years, that they would remain strong and would prevail despite anything the fates threw at them. It was destiny.

The war was over. A new beginning had dawned.

As the Digidestined disappeared from sight, a black mist began rising over the battlefield. It swirled over the ruins of Eviltarimon's villa, in particular the shattered remains of the crystal obelisk. The mist congealed into a luminous black sphere.

It extended a tentacle of black energy, and sighingly caressed the pieces of crystal. Source was not pleased, Eviltarimon had failed him and now one of his most important tools was in shatters. It raised a gleaming chunk of crystal, and scrutinized it for a few seconds. Such a waste, he had lost probably the most powerful servants of darkness ever. Source tossed it aside with regret. What things he could have done if he could have only managed to convert the other two. It was truly a shame.

Source melted back into the shadows. This was not the end. Evil, like good, could never be destroyed. Only reborn.

There was always next timeâ€¦|

The End.

So what did you think? Please tell me, please? The romance one will be coming out as soon as my computer comes back from the shop. So until thenâ€¦|see ya around.

ShannonL

End
file.